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THE PONTEFRAC T ELECTION.

THE interest of the Pontefract contest lay almost exclusively in its being the first experiment of the Ballot in a Parliamentary election. The struggle was between Mr. CHILDERS and Lord POLLINGTON, and Mr. CHILDERS was returned by a majority of eighty. In the election of 1868 Mr. CHILDERS was returned by a majority of only thirteen over the Conservative candidate, and this time his majority is much larger. But this is no very great cause of congratulation either for him or his party. Mr. CHILDERS is a known man, Lord POLLINGTON an utterly unknown one. Mr. CHILDERS was seeking re-election on resuming office after illness, and there are many voters in every constituency who do not much like opposing a member who vacates his seat in order to hold an official prize which he may be thought to have fairly won; and this feeling was certain to be heightened at Pontefract by the consideration that the real reason of Mr. CHILDERS's having to seek re-election was that his health had for a time broken down. Lord POLLINGTON, too, was a very weak candidate. It appeared that, in deference to his father's wishes, he some time ago resolved to avenge a slight put upon his father by the late Lord DERBY, and agreed never to appear as a supporter of Lord DERBY's Government. Having, however, a wish for some political activity, he offered first to join Mr. CHILDERS in opposing the Conservative candidate at Pontefract, and, on his proposal not being welcomed, asked Mr. CHILDERS for an introduction to the Liberal Whip, and solicited Mr. CHILDERS to get him something to do under a Liberal Government. Now he has come forward to oppose Mr. CHILDERS on the very scene where he had offered himself as an ally, and has announced himself as the champion of Conservatism. There is not much credit in beating such a candidate, but, as the result of the voting appeared at one time doubtful, Mr. CHILDERS naturally expressed himself very well pleased with the position he had won; and as he is undoubtedly a man of energy and ability, it is satisfactory, in spite of his chequered career at the Admiralty, that the Cabinet is not to be deprived of such aid as he can give it. If the election had been held under the old system, there would have been no more to say. Mr. CHILDERS would have been re-elected, but he would have been re-elected in a manner that would have made it doubtful whether at a general election he could hold his seat against a well-chosen Conservative candidate. The significance of the Pontefract election would have been shrouded in the general uncertainty and mystery which overhang the issues of the next general election. But the Pontefract election has been conducted, not under the old, but under the new, system; and the details connected with it are of considerable importance, as showing how the Ballot is likely to work.

So far as one election can be taken as a test—and it obviously can only be so taken in a very limited degree—the general result may be said to be that the Ballot Act does produce the broader consequences expected to flow from it, but that practical difficulties worthy of serious attention are discovered in working its machinery. The one great merit of the measure was that it promised to put a stop to the riots and disorders of elections. This promise was entirely fulfilled at Pontefract. Nothing could have been duller than the nomination day, and nothing could have been duller than the election day. There was no turmoil, no drunkenness of the noisy and rowdy sort, no street mobs. Those dreadful women who appear on the eve of every election to foul the ears and minds of simple people with disquisitions on the Contagious Diseases Act flitted through Pontefract, and did not disappear without some hooting. The candidates addressed, or tried to address, the mob from the windows of their hotels, and of course the mob cheered or groaned as it

pleased. But the election itself was in the highest degree orderly. The process of voting was about as safe and as wearisome as that of going to ask for left luggage at a cloak-room. In the next place, the voting was really secret. The voters did as they were bid, folded up their papers, and did not attempt to show them before folding them up to the agents or any one else. Pontefract was not perhaps a place where there was likely to be much intimidation, but it has in its day been notorious for bribery. That there was no bribery this time is more than any one can say positively; but the general impression appears to have been that not a farthing was spent in buying or corrupting voters, and in a little place like Pontefract, although details may not be known, there is generally a very correct suspicion when money is going about. It is quite true that this election took place suddenly, that there was no organization to meet it, and that party feeling does not appear to run very high in Pontefract, the borough seeming to cling to the natural, if illogical, persuasion that the best and pleasantest plan is to have one member from each of the two great parties, and so avoid the bitterness of great victories and great defeats. The example of such a borough may be a fallacious one; and it does not follow that, if there was no bribery or intimidation at Pontefract under the Ballot Act, this will be the case in constituencies of a different cast and character. Still the admirers of the Ballot may justly say that the first election held under the Act has been an election at which perfect order prevailed; the voters punctually obeyed the directions of the presiding officers, and, according to general belief, no illegal influences were brought to bear upon them. On the other hand, the history of the election seems to confirm the anticipations of those who predicted that the Ballot, by making politics uninteresting, would lead to abstention from voting. At the last general election Mr. CHILDERS polled 913 and Major WATERHOUSE, the other sitting member, polled 900. This time Mr. CHILDERS polled 658 and Lord POLLINGTON polled 578. Here, again, it may be unsafe to lay too much stress on the results of a single election held under special circumstances. If the election had been by open voting, the numbers of those who went to the poll would probably have been much less than they were at a time when so stirring a question as the fate of the Irish Church excited the minds of men. Mr. CHILDERS has been in office since then, and has made many mistakes; and there are always voters who think more of a man's mistakes than of his services. Lord POLLINGTON, on the other hand, was scarcely the man to stir up much enthusiasm in the breasts of his newly-found friends the Conservatives. Still the total abstention was very large, and may be accepted as an indication of the effects of the Ballot in one direction with as little or as much hesitation as the good order, the submissiveness of the voters, and the absence of corrupt influences may be accepted as indicative of its effects in another direction.

The mechanical difficulties of carrying out the Act appear to be very considerable, and here there can be no doubt as to the value of the example of Pontefract; for if these difficulties were great in a borough where little more than twelve hundred electors voted, they may be confidently expected to be still more serious in larger constituencies. The first difficulty is that of finding proper polling-places. The schoolrooms were freely put in requisition; but, in the first place, schoolrooms are not as a rule so constructed as to be at all suited for polling-places, and, in the next place, they are not dispersed enough to afford convenience to voters. Schools are founded in the centres of population, and denominations like to keep close watch on each other. While, therefore, the use of several schoolrooms enables more voters to vote at the same time, it does not afford fresh facilities to voters in outlying districts. The Act also provides that the egress of voters

shall be through an opening different from that by which their ingress takes place. Schoolrooms are apt to have only one door, and accordingly at one of the Pontefract polling-places it was found necessary to take a window out and to make those who had voted first walk up an incline of planks till they reached the windowsill, and then descend by a still steeper incline to the ground outside; and there are obviously many timid and nervous or feeble people who would rather stay at home than go through so much gymnastics merely to give a vote for which no one will thank or applaud them. But this was a trifling matter as compared with the obstacle of the illiterate voters. Much time was consumed in getting the votes of these men duly recorded. Even the constables present to keep order had to be turned out of the polling-place while the process was going on, and no other voter could be allowed to be present, or the votes of the illiterate might have become improperly known. The consequence was, that although four compartments had been provided in the polling-places, it was found impossible to fill them, as their occupants might have had to be turned out at any moment in compliance with the requirements of some one whose education had been totally neglected. Only one voter at a time voted, whether he could write or not, and the machinery of the Act by which it was contemplated that several voters would be voting at the same time at the same polling-place became a dead letter. The process of taking the illiterate man's vote in accordance with the provisions of the Act was also found to be a very tedious one. He had to affix his mark to a declaration slowly read to him that he could not read, and then he had to say how he voted, and his vote had to be recorded, and the fact that he had voted in this way had also to be recorded; and as the presiding officers were very considerate and patient, and did their duty in the most elaborate manner, all this took a very long time, and made the voting go on very slowly. It is, however, necessary to guard against the exaggerations of those who, being on the spot and finding things very dull, calculated that the voting took much longer than it did. One correspondent gave the average time as from five to seven minutes for each voter. But there were five polling-places altogether, and as there were as nearly as possible 1,250 voters, this gave an average of 250 voters at each polling-place. The poll lasted eight hours, and thus 30 persons voted in each polling-place every hour, or, in other words, the average time consumed in voting was only two minutes. The average time consumed under the system of open voting was, we believe, about one minute, it being reckoned that at least 500 voters could vote easily at the same polling-place in a day. If these figures are correct, voting under the new system takes twice as long as it did under the old system. But this, it must be remembered, does not represent the whole disadvantage of the new system. Although the average under the old system was one a minute, the voting could be taken much faster in the hours when voters came in great numbers; but under the new system, the pace must be regulated by the number of illiterate electors who choose to vote. Before the next general election something ought to be done to surmount the obstacle to rapid voting which the illiterate electors will cause if their votes are to be taken, as they were taken, in honest compliance with the Act, at Pontefract. Otherwise there will be a great amount of dissatisfaction on the part of electors who will find themselves unable to vote during the prescribed hours. The business of counting the votes also appears to be a very long and tedious one. The Returning Officer has himself to do it, and it took the Mayor of Pontefract exactly three hours to count under 1,250 votes. The result of elections in large constituencies cannot therefore be known for a long time after the poll has closed, and the toil imposed on Returning Officers will be immense. In this respect some improvement in the machinery of the Bill will probably be suggested by experience, and in no respect has it failed in which a remedy does not seem easily possible. It is only fair to add that, according to a statement the correctness of which awaits confirmation, both parties at Pontefract declared themselves highly satisfied with their practical experience of the Ballot, and agreed that, having once tried it, they would never give it up.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT would perhaps be hypercritical to inquire whether the performance of arduous duties can, in the words of the Queen's Speech, be properly relinquished; yet it would seem that, unless it was a duty to prolong the Session, no dereliction

of duty was involved in the prorogation. Although there is still much room for improvement in official style, it is on the whole satisfactory to find that, perhaps because history is easier than prophecy, the Ministers write somewhat better English at the end of the Session than at the beginning. By a natural and becoming, if not useful, custom, Parliament, or the Committee to which, under the title of Ministers, it has delegated the conduct of business and legislation, dramatically addresses itself, after the fashion of a Greek Chorus, on its own performances. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expresses gratitude for his Budget, and the heads of the great Departments thankfully acknowledge the sufficiency and moderation of their Estimates. Parliament even endeavours to persuade itself that the Ballot Act which it has passed will conduce to purity of election; and it complacently records the provision which it has made for "the further extension and efficacy of the training of the young throughout Scotland in accordance with the conscientious and deep-rooted convictions of the people, and with the principles of religious freedom." The framer of the paragraph has adroitly consulted the prejudices of two irreconcilably hostile parties. The conscientious and deep-rooted convictions of the people mean the inculcation of Christian doctrines according to the Presbyterian faith, while the principles of religious freedom have become conventionally synonymous with secular education. The theological question has in fact been prudently remitted to the School Boards, who will in almost all cases insist on the inclusion of the national dogmas among the subjects of education. It matters little how the Scotch Education Act, which can be studied at pleasure, is described by its promoters; but the language of the Speech may perhaps be curiously scrutinized by those who wish to ascertain the intentions of the Government with respect to primary education in Ireland. The marked recognition of the conscientious and deep-rooted convictions of the people may be thought to point to at least a partial concession of the demands of the Roman Catholic clergy. In an ordinary Irish parish it will be impossible to constitute any School Board in which the priest will not be supreme; but it will not be easy to reconcile popular feeling in England and Scotland to the formal recognition of a predominance which has long since existed in substance. As there has been no legislation in the recent Session with respect to higher education, the Ministers have not been compelled to afford any indication of their policy in the matter of an Irish University. Although it is often said that the settlement of the question is urgent, it would not be surprising if it were again postponed.

Exception may reasonably be taken to the passage in the Speech which is intended to record the result of the late dispute with the United States. The controversy has been composed, if composed is the proper phrase, not "by a spontaneous declaration of the Arbitrators," but by the withdrawal of the Indirect Claims on the part of the American Government. It is in many ways inaccurate to assert that the declaration of the Arbitrators was consistent with the words of the Speech from the Throne at the beginning of the Session. HER MAJESTY was advised to announce that she dissented from the proposal of submitting the Claims to the Geneva Tribunal because they were not included in the reference provided by the Treaty; and the statement was again and again reiterated in the most positive terms by the Ministers in both Houses. If the controversy had been settled by any declaration of the Arbitrators, the Americans would have achieved the formal triumph of which they have in fact erroneously boasted. The intimation that the Arbitrators, in common with the rest of mankind, regarded the claims as intrinsically absurd, inadmissible, and extortionate, was addressed exclusively to the American agents. Lord TENTERDEN, representing the English Government, properly declined to say anything in answer to the preliminary statement; nor was any step towards the arbitration taken by the English agent until the Government of the United States had, on grounds which concerned itself alone, announced its intention of desisting from the further prosecution of the obnoxious demands. The Arbitrators had expressly guarded themselves against the assumption that they expressed any opinion on the question, which was alone at issue between the litigant Powers, whether the presentation of the Indirect Claims was covered by the terms of the Treaty of Washington. It is unfortunate that on a point which nearly concerns the national honour, with full notice of the misrepresentations or misapprehensions which prevail in the United States, the Government should have maintained the inveterate habit of using inaccurate and slovenly language. It is also premature to "reflect with satisfaction that the subjects with which the Treaty has dealt no longer offer any impediment to a perfect concord between two kindred nations."

Until the various arbitrations in progress are completed, and until the awards which are to be made have been fully satisfied, it is rash to assume that neither party will find fresh cause for offence in the results of litigation, as Mr. FISH discovered that the reference of a disputed question to arbitration was, as he afterwards strove to make it, a new source of irritation.

The announcement that negotiations with France on the Commercial Treaty are still in progress will have been received with surprise, though not with dissatisfaction. It is simultaneously reported that the French Ambassador in England has lately forwarded to his Government despatches on the subject; and, according to the Speech, the French Government has intimated to England a desire for further communications. Until it is known whether the PRESIDENT has modified the opinions which he held a few months ago, it will be impossible to judge whether any practical result is likely to follow from the renewal of negotiations. Since that time the supremacy of M. THIERS over the Assembly has been more definitely and conclusively asserted, and his latest victory over the majority was won on the kindred question of the tax on raw materials, which necessarily involves the protection by import duties of completed fabrics. M. THIERS seems never to have distinctly understood the impossibility of an intelligible compromise between his own fixed belief and the doctrines which must be applied to commercial legislation by any English Government. It is the unalterable conviction of the PRESIDENT that the importation from abroad of commodities which can be produced at home is injurious to the industry, and therefore, as he assumes, to the prosperity, of France. His abandonment of the commercial policy of the Empire has been determined wholly by his preference for a protective system; and the portions of the agreed tariff of 1860 which he is willing on certain terms to maintain would involve, according to his consistent view, a sacrifice to be only made for an adequate consideration. He is nevertheless ready, on political and even on economical grounds, to renew some articles of the Treaty on condition that England shall continue to admit French goods on liberal terms. The Treaty of 1860 was anomalous because it was partly founded on the fiction that the cheap purchase of foreign commodities was not a benefit to the consumer, but a concession to the vendor. Mr. COBDEN and the Emperor NAPOLEON conspired to cheat the French people for their own benefit, and English industry derived an advantage from the partial relaxation of the protective system in France. There were grave objections to the restrictions which were imposed by the Treaty on the fiscal freedom and independence of England, and it would be a serious error to continue a theoretically vicious system on less favourable conditions than those of the Treaty. Nevertheless the English Government is perfectly justified in keeping the negotiation open to the last; and the firmness which Lord GRANVILLE has hitherto shown in adhering to sound principles entitles him to the confidence of the trading community.

If the Speech had been delivered at the beginning and not at the end of a Session, some member might probably have inquired why a negotiation with France should have been opened for the purpose of discouraging the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa. Any measures which may be adopted for the purpose would be employed more efficiently by England alone than in concert with a Government which has never affected to share English enthusiasm for the suppression of the slave trade. It is quite unnecessary to invite the aid of a partner who, in virtue of his common action and interest, will claim a veto on any act which may be proposed in pursuance of the stipulated policy. The English Government has probably determined to give effect to Dr. LIVINGSTONE's recommendations by applying pressure to the slave-trading Sultan of ZANZIBAR. It is of course useless to appeal to the humanity of a barbarous potentate who makes a large profit on the slaves; but hope and fear supply motives which operate even on African kings. A competent agent acquainted with the country may not perhaps be able to convince the SULTAN that a legitimate traffic in goods would be more profitable than a percentage on slave passengers; but he might intimate that the English Government was resolved to put an end to the slave trade, and that it might be expedient for the Zanzibar ruler to make the best of a bargain about which he would not be allowed to exercise a discretion. The protests against interference with the slave trade which are founded on the possible risk and certain expense of the proceeding deserve no respect or sympathy. It is bad enough that vulgar cant and commonplace should have been allowed for many years to prevent the continuance

of Polar expeditions, and that consequently petty maritime States will probably complete the discoveries which had during three centuries been gloriously pursued by a succession of gallant English adventurers. The greatest naval and colonial Power may fairly consider that its moral obligations bear some proportion to its opportunities. If, according to Dr. LIVINGSTONE's opinion, half a continent can be saved from anarchy and extreme barbarism by the interference of England, it would be an unworthy abandonment of duty to grudge the expenditure for the purpose of a little money, or even of a few willing lives.

ITALY.

RUMOUR does not spare the POPE more than it spares humbler men, and the foolish sayings which are attributed to the Supreme Pontiff, and flashed over Europe, may represent rather what he is thought capable of saying than what he has said. Unless, however, he has been belied, the POPE recently communicated with the French Government to congratulate it on the success of its new loan; and as the POPE is not as other men are, but knows the causes of things, and can trace the secret threads of existence, he must needs explain after his own fashion how it happened that the subscriptions to the loan had been so numerous and so large. The solution of this success which of all others appeared most probable to the POPE, or rather that which he with a divine intuition perceived to be the true one, was that the loan had been specially blessed for the sake of M. DE GOULARD, the French Minister of Finance, and that M. DE GOULARD had won this blessing for his country by declining to be Minister at the Court of the King of ITALY. He had not wished to go to Rome as the bearer of common courtesies to the robber of the Church, and therefore, although his Government had immediately supplied his place, and his refusal did not in the slightest degree affect the policy of France, yet he had wrought a good work, which in the fulness of time bore its appointed fruit, and caused France to make a vast addition to her National Debt in the handsomest possible way. What makes this quaint fancy of the POPE, whether rightly or wrongly attributed to him, worth a passing remark, is that what may be termed its exact opposite seems conspicuously true. The French loan has gone off very well because there is a salutary lull in French politics, and because the French are believed to have had enough for the moment of trouble at home and abroad. One chief symptom of this policy of good sense has been the conduct of the French Government towards Italy. It has withstood the temptation to proclaim itself the friend of the POPE; it has acquiesced in the extinction of the Temporal Power; it has thrown a wet blanket on the ardour of bishops and on the devotion of the Right, and M. THIERS has recently, in order to obtain the concurrence of Italy in his financial schemes, taken an opportunity of recording that there is nothing to stand in the way of an intimate alliance between Italy and France. It was just possible that France might have seemed to wish to keep open such an amount of grievance as the extinction of the Temporal Power might have caused her. She might have been willing and able to make Italy uneasy, so as at least to take something of the sweetness of success away from Italy, and to suggest that things at Rome would be different soon. There can be no doubt that a large number of Frenchmen, and possibly M. DE GOULARD among them, might have thought such a course agreeable to their wounded vanity or piety; but their views did not prevail, and had they prevailed, the loan could not have been floated except with immense difficulty. Had Europe seen France cold and hostile and bitter towards Italy, keeping quiet for the present, but preparing for future acts of aggression and interference, the loan would have commanded a war price. M. THIERS, by his ostentatiously pacific policy as regards the enemies of the POPE, has saved many millions to the pockets of those whom he governs.

The successful floating of the French loan may thus be said to be the sign of Italy being left to herself to pursue the path which, with much courage, good luck, and freedom from scruples, she marked out as that on which, at any cost, she was resolved to enter. Peace without has been answered by peace within. Italy is on excellent terms with Austria, and on the very best terms with Germany; and as to France, the condition of French prosperity is to leave Italy alone. In Spain the gallantry and nobleness of character, and the conspicuous adherence of the son of VICTOR EMANUEL to constitutional freedom, not only assure an ally for Italy, but cast

a ray of light over the throne of the family from which AMADEO has come. Things are going well with Italy. There has scarcely been an incident in Italian history this year, and Italy is enjoying the proverbial happiness of a people whose annals are a blank. The financial difficulties of the country are, indeed, not yet over, and the bright day when the Budget is to be balanced is postponed from year to year. Italy, in fact, is very much in the position of Turkey, and is illustrating the cost at which in these days a new nation seeks to establish itself, and to rise into the position of an independent Power. It has, in the first place, to pay for coming into existence, for beginning a new era in administration, for gaining a footing as a great community, and for advertising itself as having commenced business on an imposing scale. It has then to pay for keeping itself alive, for an army disproportioned to its evident wants, and for schemes of public utility commenced before the country is prepared to make them lucrative. It goes ahead at a great pace, and bleeds and sweats under the process. The really astonishing thing is that Italy should have got on so well under such tremendous difficulties. It has a Government which is respected, and a Sovereign who is admired and liked. It has a very respectable army, which is at least animated with a newborn confidence, and which, if it would not like to measure swords with Germany, thinks itself capable of meeting France in arms. This army is used as a vehicle of order and education, and every year a certain number of disciplined and well-taught men are returned from this gigantic school of training to the ranks of the civil community. The taxes are very heavy, but are cheerfully and willingly paid; and nothing could be so conducive to the interests of French finance as the certainty, if it could be attained, that the poor Frenchman would respond to the calls of his country with as much alacrity and fortitude as are exhibited by the poor Italian. But, quiet and prosperous as Italy in other respects is, its quietude and prosperity are nowhere so conspicuous as in the stormy region of ecclesiastical affairs. After Sedan it was not a difficult operation to seize on the remainder of the POPE's possessions. But it seemed one thing to occupy Rome, and another to hold it without paying dearly for the audacity of the attempt. Italy was not fortified by any religious enthusiasm against Rome. It never questioned the spiritual pretensions of the POPE, and was as completely indifferent to the announcement of the dogma of infallibility as if it had been announced that the circle had been squared in the Vatican. It opposed the Temporal Power very much as, in the countries of Spanish origin, the Liberal party has opposed the concentration of vast and unprofitable wealth in the hands of ecclesiastics. In those countries the spoliation of the Church has given rise to ceaseless wars, revolutions, and plots. The Liberal party has for the most part won, but it has won by the hair of its head. It is a very remarkable thing that in Italy the party of reaction should not be able to show itself, and that the vast majority of Italians should be persuaded that, in lifting up their hands against the Church, they have done the right thing, and should persevere in doing as they have done with an air of confident and affable good-humour. The Italian Parliament is an orderly, respectable body, full of family men, of moneyed men, of men in good provincial positions. It is almost as far from being what is known as a Red Assembly as the English House of Commons, and certainly we might look in vain to English history for a parallel to the calmness and unanimity with which the Italian Parliament has passed through an epoch of transition specially fitted to divide and agitate the hearts of men.

The success of the Italian Government and Parliament appears peculiarly conspicuous when attention is directed to the position of its chief opponents. The clerical party is of course its sworn foe, and the Republican party is so far opposed to it that it would like to alter altogether the character of the triumph that has been won. It might have been thought that, especially at Rome, where the clerical party has been in possession of absolute power for centuries, great trouble might have arisen as soon as that opening for clerical intrigues or boldness was given which necessarily attends the working of free institutions. Again, it was to the Republican party that the occupation of Rome was mainly due, for the Republicans, often at the hazard of their lives, kept alive the cry of "Rome or Death!" when the voices of Constitutionists sounded a much humbler strain. It might have been thought that the harvest would have fallen to those who sowed it, and that in Rome a Liberal would have been a Republican. Both these very natural expectations have recently been falsified by events. An election for municipal and provincial officials has just been held in Rome, to which great interest has been attached. It was the first occasion on which the clerical party, with the

express sanction of the POPE, gave up the policy of abstention and fairly tried its strength with its adversaries in an electoral contest. It was thought wise to meet the enemy on his chosen battlefield, and to show that if the clergy could not at once recover the spoils of the Church they could at least hamper the daily administration of affairs, and beard the Government by opposing to it a little host of adverse officials. The Republicans kept aloof from the other adversaries of the clergy, had their own candidates, and, proclaiming their separation from the rest of Italy, voted on a perfectly distinct ticket. The voting took place on the 4th of this month, and the clerical party bore testimony to the perfect impartiality and decorum with which the proceedings were conducted. Many incidents occurred that thrilled the hearts of spectators. Agents of the old Papal police came up and voted at polling-places presided over by victims of the tyranny of which they had been the instruments. Papal gendarmes—a tribe peculiarly obnoxious to the Roman populace—voted and departed in peace. The only disturbance to be regretted was that of a warder of one of the prisons under the present Government, who fell, as it is guessed, by the blow of a ruffian who had conceived a grudge against him while in confinement. The clerical journals asserted that the man was murdered because he was erroneously thought to be on the side of the priests; but at any rate, as a matter of fact, not a hair of any one belonging to the clerical party was injured, and the ecclesiastics worked hard and did their best. As for the Republicans, they seem to have been regarded with a sort of amiable contempt. They had few voters to bring up, and were left entirely to themselves. The result was that the candidates proposed by the Central Liberal Committee representing the cause of the Government were all elected by an overwhelming majority. In itself the election was not very important, but it was looked on as a test of the strength of parties where parties adverse to the Government might be expected to be strong; and the result therefore may be accepted as very significant of the present state of Italian politics.

LORD RUSSELL'S HEPTARCHY.

IT is impossible not to sympathize with Lord RUSSELL's successful efforts to provide amusement for his later years. At the end of the Session it has suddenly occurred to him both to write a letter to the *Times* and to announce for the winter a pamphlet which will pleasantly occupy his autumn leisure. His object is a reformation of Parliamentary arrangements, distributed into two suggestions of unequal boldness. The change of the close of the financial year from March 31 to June 30 would scarcely amount to a revolution; but Lord RUSSELL in his last paragraph adds a proposal of a kind which was once thought paradoxical, for restoring the Heptarchy, or rather for applying the traditional division into seven to the United Kingdom. The grievances which he desires to remedy are the alleged stoppage of business till the middle or end of July, the delay of Supply till the month of August, the cost and uncertainty of Private Bills, and, above all, the supposed loss of health by the Ministers, by "the excellent SPEAKER," and by private members of Parliament. Lord RUSSELL was formerly during several Sessions leader of the House of Commons, in which he sat for forty years; but it is difficult, even on his authority, to accept the proposition that a formal change in the dates of the financial accounts would either greatly facilitate legislation or perceptibly prolong the precious lives of Mr. AYRTON and Mr. WHALLEY. As Lord RUSSELL admits, the greater part of the Supplies are discussed and voted after March 31. The conduct of business might in theory be more symmetrical if the House completed its financial functions before the close of the financial year, but the change would be entirely nominal. It is true that "the Estimates of the year and the taxes to be voted, though they occupy much time in the House of Commons, very rarely meet with any comment in the House of Lords. The increase of the Income-tax last year from fourpence to sixpence did not, as far as I recollect, provoke a single observation in the House of Lords." Before Lord RUSSELL, in just recognition of his public services, obtained a seat in the car of the House of Lords balloon, he was one of the most zealous sticklers for the exclusive claim of the House of Commons to the control of taxation. It is natural that from his present exalted position he should discern less distinctly the terrestrial objects which once engrossed his attention. He was a member of the Ministry which was defeated on the motion of Lord MONTEAGLE in the matter of repealing the paper duty, and it is not recorded that Lord JOHN RUSSELL then complained that

the House of Lords had been too chary of interference with finance. There might have been some satisfaction, though there would have been little use, in discussing Mr. LOWE's Budget in the House of Lords; and Lord RUSSELL had the opportunity, if he had thought it worth while, of raising a debate, and of remarking that the Budget of 1871 was one of the worst on record, and that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had himself condemned his own project of increasing the Income-tax. As nothing would have come of such a discussion, it was conveniently omitted; and the same causes would produce similar results even if the financial year were to extend to June, instead of ending with March.

It is possible that some readjustment of the order of business might be advantageous; but the whole amount of work to be done could not be reduced by any inversion of times and seasons. The House of Commons always contrives to pack into the Session both its financial votes and a certain amount of legislation. The number of important Bills which have been passed in the present year proves that there is no urgent need of additional facilities for legislation. No change in the beginning or end of the financial year would correct Mr. GLADSTONE's unaccountable custom of forcing Mr. GRANT DUFF to expound the Indian Budget in the absence of the great body of members, on the eve of the prorogation. The health of the excellent SPEAKER would be benefited at the expense of the constitution of the Chairman of Committees by the dedication of a larger portion of the Session to Committee of Supply; but private members and "the hard-worked official servants of the Crown" would still have to do their work sooner or later. It is remarkable that the only grievance which, according to Lord RUSSELL, affects the House of Lords, is the practical exclusion of the Peers from any active control over financial policy. As he justly observes, "legislative Bills are discussed in the House of Lords, and amendments are often made." Thus the legislative Bill for the Ballot was discussed by Lord RUSSELL himself, on the remarkable assumption that it would, if it had been passed in former times, have inflicted a penalty on any elector who might have boasted of having voted for the benevolent WILBERFORCE or for the virtuous ROMILLY. A legislative Assembly which never discussed legislative Bills would indeed be an anomalous institution. An Assembly which should discuss money votes which it cannot constitutionally or safely modify might incur the risk of descending to the level of a debating society.

Having disposed in half a dozen sentences of public business, of legislation, and of finance, Lord RUSSELL proceeds to state that "the question of local legislation is 'one too large to be disposed of in the present letter.'" He will accordingly "endeavour in the course of the 'winter to explain in a pamphlet the course which 'he thinks might be taken to the satisfaction of the 'nation at large.'" Since the time when, according to a legend which has almost passed into history, Lord JOHN RUSSELL assumed the command of the Channel Fleet, he has not more strikingly displayed that happy boldness which is one of his well-known characteristics. Of the whole subject of private legislation Lord RUSSELL is as ignorant as of navigation; and it may be presumed that he attaches no distinct meaning to what he calls "the hazards of Private Bills." To the political consequences of the stupendous machinery which he proposes to provide for local legislation he has apparently paid no attention. "It appears to me," he says, "that if 'Ireland were to be allowed to elect a representative Assembly 'for each of its four provinces of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, 'and Connaught, and if Scotland were in a similar manner 'divided into Lowlands and Highlands, having for each province a representative Assembly, the local wants of Ireland 'and Scotland might be better provided for than at present.'" As it appears that England is to content itself with Parliament as its Representative Assembly, the new Heptarchy will possess exactly seven centres of local legislation; and, after all, by far the greater number of Private Bills will still be submitted to Parliament. The excellent SPEAKER and the hard-worked official members never sit on Select Committees on Private Bills; but the small minority of private members which, through the vicious arrangements of the Standing Order Committee, transacts all the private business of the House, will still be exposed to the risks which Lord RUSSELL proposes to remove or alleviate. Mr. BUTT and the supporters of Home Rule ought to receive with gratitude the plethora of concessions which Lord RUSSELL offers in answer to their reclamations. They ask for one Irish Representative Assembly, and they are told to be content and take four Parliaments, which will assuredly not confine them-

selves to the consideration of Private Bills. It is satisfactory to know from the speeches of Irish members on Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT's motion, that the four Wittenagemotes, though they might probably differ from one another on all other questions, would be unanimous in passing Bills for the purchase of the Irish railways by the Imperial Government. As they would by their first measure have almost exhausted the functions which they would have been created to discharge, they would afterwards have sufficient leisure for the discussion of political questions, including the repudiation of the control of the Imperial Parliament.

The Connaught Assembly would not fail to correct on behalf of the priests and bishops any failure of justice which may have impaired their supremacy over the Galway electors; and if the Orangemen succeeded in obtaining a majority in Ulster, the annual closing of the gates of Derry would probably become a ceremony of legal obligation. The two little Scotch Parliaments would probably, in a more moderate and practical spirit, confine their attention to local jobs; but some conflict of jurisdiction might arise between them in the consideration of Railway Bills. Both the North British and the Caledonian Railway systems extend from the English Border beyond the Highland line; and there might be some inconvenience in submitting questions in which either Company was concerned to two independent legislative bodies. It is strange that it should not have occurred to Lord RUSSELL to reflect that the extraordinary schemes which he recommends would, if they are now admissible, have been equally expedient in the days of his political activity. No position commands more general respect than that of a retired veteran who employs the authority acquired by experience and public service in moderating the conflicts of parties, or in discharging duties which others have neglected in consequence of political or personal motives. Lord RUSSELL undertook a task which well became him when, during the progress of the *Alabama* negotiations, he proposed to confirm the suspected resolution of the Government by an expression of the opinion of the House of Lords. Even the reminiscences which he enumerated in explanation of his vote in favour of optional secrecy of election were listened to with deference, if not with conviction. Hasty suggestions of wild and indefinite changes in the Constitution are not entitled to equal respect. It is true that little mischief can ensue from the proposal of creating half a dozen provincial Parliaments, because the project is not likely to be taken into consideration; but it is a disappointment when old experience attains to the reverse of a prophetic strain. It may be hoped that the time is distant at which biographical critics will discuss with freedom Lord RUSSELL's long and conspicuous career. Their task will be more agreeable if they are enabled to record the passage from an ambitious youth and an active maturity into the mellow wisdom which is properly associated with age.

FRANCE IN RETREAT.

THE French people are condemned to take a political holiday. It comes natural to individual politicians to have three or four months of vacation every year; but it is a novelty in the case of a whole nation. Last year at this time there was a general cessation from politics all over France, but it was the cessation of absolute exhaustion. A country which has only just come out of a foreign and a civil war, following hard on each other's heels, has no strength to spare for discussion. But this year there has been a breathing-space, and though Frenchmen have not even now shown any decided interest in politics, exciting debates have taken place in the Assembly, and important hints have been dropped by the PRESIDENT. The Session which has lately closed has had far more of a political character than the Session of 1871. The Executive has more and more identified itself with the Republic, and though M. THIERS is still the elect of the whole Assembly, something very like a monarchical Opposition has grown up against him. Consequently the natural occupation for Frenchmen during the autumn would be to fight over again the battles of the spring and summer, and to prepare themselves to fight the battles of the coming winter. Nothing of the sort, it seems, is likely to take place. The cue of both the great parties apparently is to leave politics alone. As regards the Monarchists, they may naturally feel some alarm at the results of their recent essays in the opposite direction. They have been taking, or rather announcing that they soon intended to take, some decided action. Unfortunately the announcement fell exceedingly flat. The persons who were to have been startled by it accepted it with dis-

treasuring indifference. Its only effect on M. THIERS was to make him more outspoken in favour of the Republic. Its only effect on the Republicans was to put them on better terms with M. THIERS. Until the visit of the delegates of the Right to the President, the Conservatives had had the credit of being a united body, while the Republicans had been supposed to be too reckless and passionate ever to lose an opportunity of damaging their own cause. The interview between the Right and M. THIERS showed that both these beliefs were delusions. The Conservative majority began quarrelling among themselves; the Republican minority took the occasion of strengthening in every possible way the links which bind them to the President. If M. THIERS is a more decided Republican than he was when he took office, the fact is due in part to the action of the majority in the Assembly. The logic of events has done much to convert him; but the want of logic of the Right has done something. It would argue more than human blindness on the part of the Monarchists if they did not see that of late they have only made their position worse every time that they have tried to improve it. Accordingly, the chief occupation of the journals which represent their views is to cut jokes at the honours paid to M. THIERS by the newspaper Correspondents who hang about his doorstep at Trouville. The devotion, the ingenuity, and the perseverance of these gentlemen are so striking, that there is every chance of their giving the monarchical organs ample employment throughout the recess.

It is rather early perhaps to speak with equal confidence of the way in which the Republicans mean to spend the time between this and November. They are a rising party, and they may find it harder to keep their tongues and their tempers in order. The continued existence of the present Assembly naturally acts on them as a constant irritant. It no longer, they say, represents France; indeed its great motive for clinging to life is its own conviction that it does not represent France. To the great majority of the deputies a dissolution would be, politically speaking, an execution, and it is because they know this that they are so determined to postpone a dissolution to the latest possible moment. Why, the more hot-headed Republicans may ask themselves, should we submit to be governed by a set of old women chosen at random to ratify whatever terms of peace could be got, longing to act in direct defiance of the wishes of the nation, and only prevented from doing so by their own stupid cowardice? There is a very good answer to the question, but it is one which men who ask it in this temper are not unlikely to miss. And if they do miss it, there is nothing to prevent them from beginning a campaign in favour of a dissolution during these very holidays. No French Government is altogether without the means of stopping inconvenient discussions, but it would be difficult to do more than discourage a peaceable agitation in favour of an appeal to the country. Happily for the interests of the party, a Republican is open to the same seasonable distractions as other men. He has a liver, and he must go and drink the waters, or he has a vineyard, and the vintage is approaching. Revolutionists of an extreme type may disregard these proprieties—they have indeed lamentably disregarded them on some former occasions—but at present such revolutionists of an extreme type as have not been shot are either in prison or in hiding. There is reason to suppose, therefore, that the Republicans will at all events not be in a hurry to stump the country against the Assembly, and in the interval there are several considerations in favour of doing nothing which are likely to occur to them. In the first place, M. THIERS has promised that he will not lend himself to any such movement for a dissolution. In ordinary cases, of course, this would go for nothing, because the Government for the time being rarely does lend itself to movements of this sort. But in this case it goes for a good deal. The Republicans have the wit, seemingly, to see that M. THIERS is the best card in their hand, that he has already done more for them than they possibly could have done for themselves, that to alienate him from them in ever so small a degree would be the greatest blunder they could commit. If M. THIERS wishes to keep the present Assembly in being, it is impossible for him not to feel annoyed with any party that is strenuously labouring to get rid of it, and annoyance is often only the prelude to alienation. It is conceivable, of course, that M. THIERS may really be in favour of a dissolution, and that his promise not to further it is only a sacrifice to executive propriety. But though it is conceivable, it is in the highest degree improbable. If a general election were held this autumn, the result would no doubt show that M. THIERS's popularity is greater than ever. But though the

new Assembly would come to Versailles pledged to support him, it might not submit to his control in the way that the present Assembly does. The candidates would have been forced to declare their views on a variety of questions, and on many of these their views would probably be opposed to those of M. THIERS. Theories of what was due to their constituents, or, more accurately perhaps, of what their constituents were likely to think due to them, would come in to complicate their calculations, and the result might be that M. THIERS would occasionally find himself in a minority. The existing Assembly has on the whole a prudent horror of unknown evils, and so long as M. THIERS is willing to work with it, it will be willing to work with M. THIERS. A Republican of ordinary common sense may see all this for himself, and if he does see it, he will not be inclined to take M. THIERS's promise to discourage the cry for a dissolution in any but its most obvious sense.

In the second place, the Republicans have reasons of their own—besides those that grow out of their relations with M. THIERS—for not being as anxious as they profess to be to send the Assembly about its business. After all, it is doing a very necessary, but a very thankless, work. Its principal function in life is to vote new taxes, and to sanction such arrangements as the Government finds it convenient to make with the Army of Occupation. It is difficult to believe that when the Republican leaders take confidential counsel with one another, their attitude towards the Assembly is not of the "rather you than we" order. The money has to be raised, and the German troops have to be provided for; but, except during the momentary excitement of subscribing for a loan, there is no popularity to be gained by either process. On the whole, therefore, the Republican party may well feel glad that the work has fallen to the lot of a monarchical Assembly, and that their own share of it will be to criticize hereafter the manner in which it has been done. There never was a case in which the strength of a political party was more plainly to sit still, and to all appearance M. GAMBETTA, notwithstanding occasional outbursts of excitement, thoroughly sees this. He has applied himself with commendable prudence to disarm the hostility of the peasantry, and even of the clergy, and it is altogether to his interest that the interval during which this conciliatory process can best be carried on should not be brought to a premature end. M. THIERS's unmistakable leaning towards Republicanism is a sufficient warrant that no attempt at a monarchical *coup d'état* will be made by the Assembly, and this assurance leaves the Republicans nothing to do but to float up with the tide.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THOSE who take an interest in railway affairs will remember that at the beginning of the present year Bills were deposited for some large amalgamations, of which the most important were the London and North-Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Midland with the Glasgow and South-Western. A partial union of the Great Western and the broad-gauge lines beyond it with the London and South-Western would have applied only to the competing portions of their respective systems. The amalgamation of the North-Western railways would have been opposed by the Midland, by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and perhaps by some of the Scotch railways. The Midland scheme would have been opposed by the London and North-Western, by the Caledonian, and most strenuously by the North British; but it would of course have been possible for the amalgamating Companies to make such concessions to their neighbours as to buy off their opposition. In 1863 the scheme of amalgamation between the Great Western and the West Midland was opposed by the London and North-Western and the Midland, down to the commencement of the inquiry before the Select Committee; but at the last moment the dispute was compromised by agreements between the respective Companies, which were afterwards appended as Schedules to the Act. The London and North-Western amalgamation of the present year would also have been opposed by some of the trading communities which might have suffered from the extinction of competition; and the towns on the North British system would have objected to the anticipated diversion of traffic by the Midland amalgamation from the East to the West of Scotland. The combination of the Devonshire Companies would perhaps have been opposed, for the sake of obtaining conditions, by the Midland; but within their own district they would have been exempt from the interference of rivals, and the inha-

bitants of the West of England would have had to choose between acquiescence in the establishment of a monopoly and a costly opposition which would probably have been unavailing. There was every reason to expect that, if all or any of the great Companies were amalgamated, their example would in a subsequent Session be followed by other Companies; and it was thought expedient to refer the preliminary question whether amalgamation was generally desirable to a Joint Committee of both Houses. Parliament was not disposed to listen to a warning that either there was no general principle which applied to different amalgamations, or that it was so entirely subordinate to considerations of detail as to be practically useless. Some Companies ought to be amalgamated; other Companies ought not to be amalgamated; and the special issue in each instance can only be tried to advantage by an inquiry in the nature of litigation. The Joint Committee included many able members, and it received information from witnesses of the highest authority; but there could be no hostile cross-examination; and judges can never fully discharge their functions without the aid of advocates. No contrivance which has hitherto been invented for the elimination of practical truth is to be compared to the conflict between two adverse parties before a competent umpire.

The fulness of the investigation instituted by the Joint Committee caused the unavoidable postponement of the proposed amalgamations. The result is not to be regretted, as there was, even if the schemes were in themselves expedient, no urgent need for legislation. It happened that the Midland could not have effected a physical junction with the Glasgow and South-Western until the completion of the Settle and Carlisle line, which is still in course of construction. It was also well that a Committee appointed on the assumption that some general theory of amalgamation was possible should satisfy itself of the truth of the sound proposition enunciated in the fourth paragraph of its recommendations, that "it is impossible to lay down any general rules determining the limits or the character of future amalgamations." It matters little that the appointment of the Committee is in one sense retrospectively condemned by the admission that the general rules which it was to frame cannot possibly be determined. EPIMENIDES the Cretan, notwithstanding the reflex operation of his celebrated dogma on his own character, was thought by ST. PAUL and others to have contributed to the store of human knowledge when he affirmed that all Cretans were liars. The Report, more especially in its negative portions, is the more creditable to the good sense of the Committee because it is evident that some or all of the members have been induced by fuller knowledge to abandon strong prepossessions. Their clear and accurate narrative of former efforts to regulate railway enterprise by general legislation or by administrative interference is a record of the triumph of experience over premature theories. Again and again Parliament has tried to constitute Boards which should control on conjectural grounds the extension of railways; and as often Parliamentary Committees, after ascertaining the material facts in each particular case, have wisely refused to listen to arbitrary official recommendations. The Reports of the Board of Trade in 1845 and 1846, under the presidency of LORD DALHOUSIE, afforded the most striking illustration of the inutility or mischievous tendency of attempts to regulate railway enterprise by one-sided inquiry, by guess, and in some instances by backstairs influence. As the Committee remark in their Report, it is curious to see by the light of subsequent experience the strange conclusions at which such men as LORD DALHOUSIE and his colleagues arrived. The members of the Committee were probably not aware that it was impossible for LORD DALHOUSIE himself to examine all the schemes of the time; and that some of the proceedings which were taken in his name were tainted with suspicion. Of the value of the suggestions of his Board it is enough to say that it reported against the scheme of the Great Northern Railway, and against the amalgamation of the Grand Junction Railway with the Liverpool and Manchester. Sir ROBERT PEEL never displayed sounder judgment than when, in opposition to popular prejudice, he decided on remitting questions of railway policy, as before, to Select Committees which would decide according to argument and evidence, instead of by favour or in accordance with preconceived theories. The various experiments of preliminary inquiry, and the preposterous scheme of submitting questions of engineering and estimate to the Referees, have successively failed; and the Reports of Commissioners and Committees have been valuable in proportion to the strictness with which they confined themselves to recommendations founded on the results of experience.

The Joint Committee nevertheless still hankers after some permanent authority which shall advise and guide Parliament on matters of railway legislation. The function which all former Boards and Commissions have proved utterly incompetent to discharge is to be but a secondary and incidental attribute of a judicial and administrative tribunal to be constituted for a different and more legitimate purpose. There is every reason to expect that, if such a Court is hereafter established, it will be fully occupied without wasting its time and the time of Committees in giving advice to bodies which will on the particular question be better informed than itself. It is true that some ingenuity would be required to emulate the inefficiency of the Board of Trade in all matters of the kind. By a Standing Order of the House of Commons, the Board is required to report on the expediency of every proposed level crossing. It was probably known to Parliament, as to the rest of mankind, that level crossings often involve danger, but that in some cases it is more convenient for the public, especially when the traffic consists of heavy loads, to cross the rails on a level than to ascend and descend the gradients of a bridge and its approaches. It might have been supposed that even the Board of Trade was capable of discharging the simple duty of inquiring into the circumstances of each proposed crossing, for the purpose of assisting the Committee; yet for several years the Board has, almost without exception, reported against every plan for a level crossing; and consequently Committees are compelled to undertake the inquiry for themselves, with the result, in at least one half of the plans which are laid before them, of overruling the recommendations of the Board. The principal duty of the proposed tribunal is to be the adjudication of the numerous questions which are now by agreement, or in accordance with the provisions of Acts of Parliament, referred to arbitration. The only objection to the plan is the probable inability of any single tribunal to dispose of the laborious business which is now transacted by many independent arbitrators. It will be impossible to shorten or to cheapen the investigation of details which must be separately examined. The only objection which is urged in the Report against arbitrations is that they are tedious and expensive; and both objections will apply to the same process before a new Tribunal. There will, however, be an advantage in the transfer to the Court of the jurisdiction which is at present vested in the Common Pleas. The public interest is not represented in railway arbitrations; and experience shows that it cannot be adequately protected by a Court of Law. The compulsory through rates which the Committee recommend will occasion much unavoidable litigation: There seems to be less reason for the proposal of a permanent Joint Committee of both Houses, to which schemes of amalgamation are to be referred. The second trial, which is thought necessary or expedient in the case of ordinary Bills, is at least as much required when the policy of amalgamations is under consideration. The Joint Committee which issues the Report was exceptionally strong, but it would have been unnecessarily and inconveniently numerous if it had been substituted for an ordinary Select Committee; and the approval of a Bill by the members of the House of Commons who belonged to the Joint Committee, and after an independent inquiry by LORD DERBY, LORD SALISBURY, and their colleagues of the Upper House, would have commanded greater confidence and given fuller satisfaction than the result of any single inquiry. The examination of the other conclusions of the Committee will be conveniently reserved for a future occasion.

DENOMINATIONALISM AND THE WESLEYANS.

THE figment of an education which shall be at once religious and unsectarian, after dying, or seeming to die, a natural death in every other Nonconformist communion, has been revived in the Wesleyan Conference. Its new advocates have at least the merit of frankness. When unsectarian education was a popular watchword, those who used it obstinately shut their eyes to the fact that to insist upon the Bible being read in schools maintained out of public money is as much a violation of religious equality, as regards Roman Catholics and High Churchmen, as to insist upon the Church Catechism being taught in schools supported out of public money would be as regards Dissenters. Those who have supported Mr. ARTHUR's resolution in the Wesleyan Conference are quite indifferent to this identity. They avow that their object in demanding unsectarian schools is in the highest degree sectarian. They are willing to forego the teaching of Methodism, but their object in so doing is to strike

a side blow at Romanism and Ritualism. One of the speakers objected to see the education of a large portion of the nation left in the hands of the Church of England, on the ground that its tendency is "wholly Romeward." Another repudiated the Denominational system as being favourable beyond all others to Ultramontane claims. And in replying, at the end of the debate, Mr. ARTHUR characterized the issue he had raised as giving the Conference the choice between the Bible and Popery. The supporters of the resolution were more impregnable on the theoretical than on the practical grievance. If a man says that his conscience is afflicted because a school in which the doctrine of the Church of England or of the Church of Rome is taught to Anglican or Roman Catholic children receives a grant of public money in respect of the secular instruction given, we know of no answer that can be made to him. When the doctor in *Martin Chuzzlewit* could not find out where Mr. NADGETT's liver was wrong, Mr. NADGETT observed "that it was his own liver, and he hoped he ought to 'know.'" It is the same with Mr. ARTHUR's conscience. It is his own—happily for society—and he must be supposed to know when it is out of order. It is when these gentlemen try to make out that the Conscience Clause affords no protection to Wesleyan children that they break down utterly. It may be true, as Mr. HOLLAND says, that it is impossible for poor men in rural districts to obtain equal religious rights under a Conscience Clause, or, as Mr. AULAY says, that many clergymen will pay no more attention to the Conscience Clause than they pay to some of the clauses in the Thirty-nine Articles. But if it is true, surely some evidence of it can be produced. There is a department of the Government charged, among other things, with administering this very clause, and there is a large staff of inspectors, of all forms of religious belief, part of whose work is to see that it is rigorously administered. It is strange under these circumstances that no case of religious oppression should have been brought forward, that no Wesleyan parent should have been independent enough to appeal to the Inspector, that no Wesleyan minister should have complained to the Education Department of the wrong sustained by parents who did not dare to complain for themselves. Among all the poor Wesleyans living in rural districts who are denied the benefit of the Conscience Clause, it might have been thought that some one case of hardship would have come to light in the two years that have passed since the Education Act became law. It does not appear, however, that any such case has been alleged. The speakers in the Conference knew of none, or, if they did, they chose to hold their tongues about it. Those who clamour for a change in the law, without giving any proof beyond their own assertion that the law as it stands is inoperative, have no right to be surprised if their tactics excite more suspicion than sympathy.

As the resolution was put aside in favour of an amendment reserving the controversy for the consideration of a Committee to be elected by the whole Wesleyan body, there is no means of knowing whether Mr. ARTHUR's views do or do not predominate in the Conference. As far as argument goes, his resolution was very effectually pulled to pieces. Mr. ARTHUR in effect calls upon the Wesleyans to merge their own Denominational schools in unsectarian schools—schools, that is, where the Bible is read, but not explained—to be provided by the several School Boards. It was pointed out by several speakers that, at most, the Wesleyans could only bind themselves. They "might merge their own schools in a national 'system,' but they could not 'compel the Church of England or the Church of Rome to merge theirs.'" To retire from the field of religious education would be merely to assist the Church of England in maintaining and extending its religious power. Nor was it only on grounds peculiar to their own denomination that many of the Methodist ministers protested against Mr. ARTHUR's proposal. They objected to the injustice of the idea as much as to the evil consequences involved in it. They admitted that a Roman Catholic might have a conscience, and that, if he had, that conscience ought to be respected. But if it is uncertain how far these views would command the assent of a majority of the Conference, it is still more uncertain how far they will command the assent of a majority of the Methodist body. Until now Wesleyans have usually been ranked among the Denominationalists. It is possible, however, that they are Denominationalists rather from habit than from conviction, and in this case the result of the controversy which has just been opened may falsify the opinion hitherto entertained of them. So far as appears the secular party is wholly unrepresented in the Conference. Those who do not wish public money to be given to Denominational schools are anxious

that it should be given to schools in which the Bible is read and its meaning left to take its chance. If the dividing line throughout the Methodist connexion should prove to coincide with the dividing line in the Conference, the result of the coming discussion may possibly be to reinforce the unsectarian, as opposed to the secular, party in the country, and ultimately in Parliament.

With this possibility before them it would be well if the Denominational party would consider their future policy with somewhat less of the temper of men who are putting off their armour. The real enemy they have to fear is not secularism, but unsectarianism. The triumph of secularism would only mean the exclusion of religion from school hours, and from the list of subjects taught by the schoolmaster. It would not mean the exclusion of the clergy or their representatives from the school buildings. Whatever is now taught in a voluntary Denominational school might then be taught in a public and secular school. The only difference would be that it would be taught at a different hour and by a different teacher. The triumph of unsectarianism would mean much more than this. It would carry with it the doctrine that the reading of the Bible is a sufficient measure of religious instruction for elementary schools. Consequently, voluntary teachers of anything more than this would be told to provide their own schoolrooms, and catch children how they can. The theory of secular education as held in this country does not shut out the view that education without religion is incomplete; it simply seeks to find a compromise by which those who find they can agree upon secular instruction may work together amicably, notwithstanding their inability to agree upon religious instruction. The theory of unsectarian education is far more exclusive, and far more aggressive. It first degrades the Bible into a fetish, and then excommunicates all who will not join in worshipping the bare letter. But though it has of late fallen into discredit, and has been given up by many of those who formerly held it, there is no certainty that it may not rise again. That it is illogical and inconsistent is not necessarily a great disadvantage to it in England. It appeals to the unreasoning Protestantism which still characterizes the English middle class; it saves the scruples of those tender consciences who, so long as they can escape supporting schools in which other people's religion is taught, see no objection to other people being made to support schools in which their own religion is read; it sets free the funds that have hitherto gone to support British Schools; it has, in short, many practical recommendations which may give it renewed popularity among Dissenters, supposing that a return to it enables them to attack Denominationalism with the unexpected reinforcement of a large Wesleyan contingent. The present tendency of the Denominationalist party is to over-indulgence in a very natural sense of triumph. They have beaten the Secularists all along the line. In Parliament and in the elections for the School Boards they have won a conspicuous success. If the unsectarian party is as completely crushed as it has of late appeared to be, the Denominationalist victory may be undisturbed. But if it turns out, as is certainly possible, that the battle with unsectarianism is still to be fought, Denominationalists may yet see cause to regret that, while it was in their power to make terms with the Secularists, they refused even to consider whether the difference between them was fundamental or only superficial.

MR. WHALLEY.

IT is not impossible that Mr. WHALLEY, or somebody like him, may one day become a serious Parliamentary question. There are limits to the patience of a popular assembly, and when those limits are reached there is apt to be an explosion. It is an extremely delicate and difficult question to say what means can be taken of checking a member of a public body who habitually disregards not only the temper and convenience of his associates, but the rules under which they have agreed to transact their business, and even the formal decisions of the President. The House of Commons has never at any time been without its bores and drolls; and unfortunately the bores—the dull, sour, fussy fellows with annual motions and pet crotchets—seem to be sadly on the increase. Hitherto there has been a disposition to class Mr. WHALLEY among the drolls, and to consider his vagaries amusing; and perhaps nothing could give one a more striking idea of the prevailing dreariness of Parliamentary life. A little shrub makes a show in the desert, and the House of Commons is thankful for very small mercies in the way of fun. No doubt the member for Peterborough presents a type of cha-

acter which has its humorous side—the type of one who gives himself up to a pet antipathy, who is perpetually harping on and haunted by it, who discovers traces of it in the most unlikely places, and, whatever subject may be started for discussion, never fails to bring it round to the same old point. Mr. WHALLEY's grotesque earnestness and vehemence, his simple faith in himself and in the infallibility of his own judgment, the calm way in which he sets aside everything that does not chime with his preconceived opinions, so that an argument or assertion may be repeated ten or twenty times without producing the slightest effect; the prosaic extravagance of his manner and diction, and, above all, the sort of good-humoured politeness with which he indulges in imputations and contradictions of the most offensive kind, are peculiarities that are ludicrous enough in their way; but it might be supposed that at the end of ten or twelve years the House would be rather tired of laughing at them. We cannot help suspecting that what was most amusing to members was not so much Mr. WHALLEY's oddities as the pretext they afforded for farcical displays on their own part, such as the chorus of "Sing, sing," and a running commentary of interjections. It may be doubted, however, whether this sort of fun is calculated to maintain the dignity of the assembly, and whether, in any case, it has not been rather overdone. The House is now perhaps paying the penalty of its own levity. Last Session there were various indications that the eccentricities which had previously amused the House were getting to be rather past a joke, and might one day lead to a serious interruption of business. The Parliamentary machine is in some respects of extremely delicate construction, and a very little grit might disturb its action. No reasonable person supposes that the Speaker never by any chance makes a mistake, but it is essential to the discipline of the House that his decisions should be received with respectful acquiescence.

The last moments of the House of Commons at the close of the Session appear to have been spent in a vain endeavour on the part of the SPEAKER and other members to restrain the irrepressible loquacity of the member for Peterborough, and to persuade him to submit to the rules of the House. It is easy to call a member to order, but what is to be done if he will not be orderly when called upon? Nothing can exceed the gracious urbanity of Mr. WHALLEY's frank defiance of law and order. He accepts in the most polite and pleasant manner the interruptions of the House, but goes on all the same. It seems to have occurred to him on Saturday last that the time for putting questions would be a good opportunity for delivering himself of a speech on the dangerous number of Roman Catholic magistrates in Ireland, and he was not to be deterred by any of the small conventionalities which are supposed to regulate the proceedings of Parliament. It would perhaps have been equally to the purpose if he had called attention to the excessive number of Roman Catholics of all classes in that country. As the great majority of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, it would appear to be not unnatural or unreasonable that the adherents of this Church should be represented in the magistracy. But Mr. WHALLEY is as much above such commonplace reasoning as he is above the ordinary rules of the House. Calls to order only made him more courteously vehement, and when the SPEAKER remarked that the honourable member was not putting a question, but debating, Mr. WHALLEY insisted upon arguing that he was not debating, but "merely pointing out." Turning to the subject of the TICHBORNE Claimant, Mr. WHALLEY next raised a question which he had repeatedly brought before the House, as to the right of the Claimant to demand that the Government should provide him with adequate means for conducting his defence. The friends of the Claimant appear to be under the impression that it is the duty of the Government to appoint a kind of roving commission to go up and down the world seeking for the survivors of the *Bella*, and that the prosecution may be conveniently postponed until one at least of these mysterious persons has been discovered in the flesh. It is easy to conceive that to the Claimant himself nothing should appear more natural or desirable than this course of procedure. Some day it may perhaps be understood that it is the proper function of the State, not to prosecute, but to defend all persons charged with criminal offences, but the established practice has hitherto been the other way. To Mr. WHALLEY's inquiries, Mr. WINTERBOTHAM replied with judicious brevity that, if the Claimant had any statutory rights in this respect, he could enforce them in the ordinary manner in the ordinary courts, but it was not the business of the Home Office to interpret statutes or to offer opinions in such cases. It may be reasonably assumed that the Claimant's legal

advisers will not neglect to take advantage of whatever assistance he is entitled to claim from the Crown; but the money which is now being spent on "demonstrations" might be more profitably applied in endeavouring to secure the presence of those "material witnesses" who appear to be still missing.

What Mr. BRIGHT once said in his haste of the House of Lords may be said at leisure concerning a considerable section of the House of Commons. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of that institution will admit that it contains many members who are not very wise; and Mr. WHALLEY certainly does not stand alone in the oddity or absurdity of his opinions. He is clearly entitled, if he chooses, to devote himself to tracking the POPE and the Jesuits through all their stratagems and disguises, and establishing the identity of TOM CASTRO and ROGER TICHBORNE. The difficulty of dealing with Mr. WHALLEY arises, not from the eccentricity of his opinions, but from his ingenuous disregard of the etiquette of debate and the rules of public business. Being incapable of conceiving that he himself is liable to error, he is necessarily obliged to account for any difference of opinion on a question of order by assuming that it is the Speaker who has blundered. It will be observed that the arch-enemy of the Jesuits claims for himself to the fullest extent the infallibility he denies to the POPE. Nor is there anything singular to this state of mind; it is common to a great many excellent people; only it is awkward to find it pushed to an extreme in regard to the elementary rules of public discussion. Even Mr. WHALLEY might be expected to see that it would be impossible to carry on a debate if it were to be allowed to branch off every few minutes into a controversy on some point of order; and the only way in which this can be prevented is by making the Speaker absolute on all such matters. One of these days Mr. WHALLEY may hear himself "named" by the Speaker, and we should then perhaps have a solution of the mystery as to what would happen in that terrible event. If any gentle process of painless extinction could be applied to refractory members, it would greatly simplify the proceedings of Parliament. The *clôture* runs counter to our instincts and traditions, but it is only by conciliation and compromise that the necessity for a severe measure of this kind can be obviated. Mr. WHALLEY is not the only offender in this way, though his extravagant demeanour makes his offences more glaring. We have taken him merely as an extreme example of what, we fear, is an increasing danger to the good order and decorum of Parliamentary habits. It is not enough that the decisions of the Speaker should be promptly and scrupulously obeyed, and that unseemly wrangling on points of order should be avoided; but something is also due to the temper and convenience of the House at large, even in cases where the member who is addressing it has by the rules a perfect right to claim a hearing. A contest between a groaning or howling House and a struggling orator is not a pretty spectacle; and there is a point, more readily understood than defined, at which a member should refrain from forcing himself upon an unwilling auditory. It would be well if the constituencies at the next elections would pay some attention to the manners as well as the opinions of candidates.

DR. CARPENTER AT BRIGHTON.

THE British Association may fairly be congratulated on its sustained and even growing devotion to the serious study and advancement of science. Among the signs of this enhanced sense of what is implied in the design and organization of the Society's annual gatherings is the choice which has now for some years past been made of its President from among the professional or practical workers in the field of science rather than the *dilettante* ranks of the peerage or baronetage. The difficulty of carrying into practice this stricter theory of choice lies of course in the limited area within which the process of selection must needs be exercised. An annual drain of this nature must ere long, it is to be feared, exhaust the supply of men of first-rate eminence in science or philosophy, or of men likely to rivet the attention of a mixed audience by such an encyclopædic survey of the whole domain of nature as the members, whether professional or amateur, look for from the lips of their President. The essay of some specialist, however eminent, directed to the history or the analysis of what forms his little world of ideas, may seem tame and lifeless work to those whose particular hobby is debarred from air and exercise. Not only may old rivalries or new shapes of jealousy lead to personal passages of arms between illustrious *savants* who may seize the opportunity of a temporary occupation of the chair, but occasion may be taken to run a tilt at the pretensions or the value of all other branches of scientific pursuit. We may have some distinguished botanist whose darling labours have been stigmatized as the attaching of "barbarous binomials to foreign weeds," ready with his not less sarcastic or alliterative fling at the pride of the

comparative anatomist or paleontologist in sorting seedy skeletons, or grubbing among refuse gravels. The best that we can hope for is that personal animosity and scientific rivalry may find at least a yearly truce, and that whether organic or inorganic nature, the secrets of animal or vegetable life, mechanical physics, or the ultimate elements of force and matter, find a mouthpiece in the annual tenant of the chair, turn and turn about may be the accepted rule. *Cuique in sua arte credendum* is a maxim which, without denying to the hearer the right of wakeful and critical intelligence, and without betraying the lecturer into dogmatic and dictatorial airs, should prepare the way to a good mutual understanding between the speaker and his audience.

There might have been some misgiving lest, by its choice of President on the occasion of the present meeting at Brighton, the Association had committed itself to the infliction of a diatribe upon a somewhat worn topic with which the name of its temporary head has of late years specially connected itself among scientific circles. It must have been in consequence with a feeling of relief and a stirring of new curiosity that the associated members heard Dr. Carpenter unfold his subject of discourse at the Pavilion on Wednesday evening last. The minds of his hearers were not, it appeared, to be sunk in deep-sea soundings, and bewildered by groping for the primary or ultimate germs of life in organisms at work miles below the rays of day. After but a passing reference to the newly organized expedition for the purpose of deep-sea sounding under Government authority, and in charge of Professor Wyville Thomson, the lecturer declared it to be his intention to launch forth upon what may be a yet wider and more unfathomable sea of investigation, albeit a sea that for long ages it has been sought to sound or to exhaust. Instead of opening up new accumulations of scientific knowledge, or announcing any addition of importance to the specific facts proper to his own branch of discovery, what he proposed to himself was an inquiry into the logical grounds of knowledge in general, a scrutiny of the depths to which the mind goes down in its search for the ultimate founts of reason and proof. With predecessors of his in the chair it has been the habit to discourse upon some aspect of nature in her relation to man. It was Dr. Carpenter's object to take up the opposite side of the inquiry—to treat of man as the interpreter of nature. He would speak of the mental processes by which are formed those fundamental conceptions of matter and force, of cause and effect, of law and order, which furnish the basis of all scientific reasoning, constituting the *prima philosophia* of Bacon. There seems to Dr. Carpenter to be abroad in the world at the present time a great deal of what he cannot but regard as fallacious and misleading philosophy—"oppositions of science falsely so called." There are those who set up their own conceptions of the orderly sequence which they discern in the phenomena of nature as fixed and determinate laws by which those phenomena not only are, but always have been, and always must be, invariably governed. And he has little difficulty in making it clear that such persons are in reality guilty of the same logical fallacy and the same intellectual arrogance which they themselves join in condemning in the systems of the ancients. They do but place themselves in antagonism to those real philosophers who, like Kepler, are ready to give up a darling system the moment it proves itself inconsistent with the facts disclosed by observation, or who, with Schiller, define the real philosopher as one who always loves truth better than his system, or who, above all, with a greater still, combining the truest philosophy with the deepest humility, see in the proudest efforts of the intellect nothing beyond the picking up a few shells on the shore of the vast ocean of truth. There must have been few among Dr. Carpenter's hearers who did not go thoroughly along with him in his denunciation of these heretics to science. The only difficulty must have been, as each looked round upon the assembled representatives of philosophy, to say on whom were the vials of scientific wrath meant to be emptied, or who was to fit the cap to his own head. That many a real or would-be leader of thought in his specific province of natural study may look upon his own scheme as the sole or the truest exponent of nature, we have no manner of doubt. That many a professor, with the class around a professor, may regard the conclusions or definitions which form the current coin of study as coming from the sterling mint of nature herself, and by no further increase of circulation or more delicate assay to undergo loss in value, we may equally concede. The question is, what *avant*, entitled to the name, but—tacitly at least—has ever held his most prized discoveries or theories subject to deterioration from such causes as the enlargement of the currency of ideas or the more searching processes which await them in the alembic of experiment or observation? A certain order of nature is, Dr. Carpenter warns us, "worshipped as a God" by the class of interpreters whose doctrine he calls in question. It may be replied that the rites of this dreaded deity are performed in secrecy so profound, or by worshippers so infrequent or so obscure, as to form little cause of terror or misgiving for the votaries of a purer creed.

There is much in Dr. Carpenter's exposition of the logic of nature which is true even to triteness. What may be asked is, what does it add to the existing edifice of thought and criticism? That even in the most exact of physical sciences, taking for the moment astronomy to be such, we cannot take a step without translating the phenomena of nature into intellectual representations of nature, is a truth so obvious that it scarcely needed to be enforced by comparison with the parallel modes of interpretation employed by

the artist and the poet. Whatever be the phase or mood which nature presents to contemplation, whether it be to the eye of the painter, the poet, or the philosopher that she poses for the while, it must be through the mind or the personal sense that the phenomena which she throws off or presents must pass, and it is into forms of human consciousness that they all resolve themselves under analysis. So geology, to take another instance from Dr. Carpenter, has been from first to last the reflection of the minds by which its study has been directed. Still, every true geologist will hold what is most accepted in opinion or most venerable in name subject to modification or reversals at the voice of one new authenticated fact. The advocates of "intuitional beliefs," of experience as the sole source of knowledge, or of common sense as the ultimate and fundamental ground of appeal, are at no real variance in this particular matter, nor do we see that much is gained to Dr. Carpenter's cause by bringing in those well-known distinctions of thought, whether in combination or antagonism, in rebuke of what he deems the most besetting fault in the philosophy of our day. Our belief in the uniformity of nature must ever underlie every process of physical experiment or speculation, just as the trustworthiness of our faculties must lie at the basis of every mental operation, being as much implied in the denial as in the assertion of their truth. But what is the ground of conviction in either case? Dr. Carpenter evidently thinks he has made a step when he has laid it down that "this confident anticipation is not justified by any absolute necessity of nature, but arises entirely out of our belief in her uniformity." We know out of what arises the power of opium to set people asleep, according to the scholastic formula. We should hardly have expected the President of a meeting like that at Brighton to halt on his way to make a point like this. Nor is it altogether consistent with his opening reprobation of substituting man's conceptions of nature for nature herself, that we find him resting with satisfaction in the conclusion that "to each man of science nature is what he individually believes her to be." Is it the whole result of his indignant censure of the puffed-up and egotistic sciolists of the day that scientific truth is no more than what each man of science troweth?

There is more force and consistency in the later stage of Dr. Carpenter's reasoning, in which he traces our reliance upon the trustworthiness of common sense and scientific inference alike, not to any one set of experiences, but to our unconscious co-ordination of the whole aggregate of our experiences—"to our reliance, not on the conclusiveness of any one train of reasoning, but on the convergence of all our lines of thought towards this one centre." More forcible and progressive still is his remark, in the spirit, if not in the language, of Darwin, that "the intellectual intuitions of any one generation are the embodied experiences of the previous race." We are carried a step onward, or we should say, historically speaking, a step backward, toward the prime and ultimate origin of the belief in question. But what if the absolute and original form of this belief lies really as far off and as low down in the order of things as the origin of life, or the primary impulse of motion? What if, in the earliest dawn of consciousness, we take our belief to nature, at least as much, as truly, and to the full, as we draw it from her? What if we have here but one more instance or verification of that great law of unity or mutual interworking which, in the earnest peroration of this address, is spoken of as operating through the limitless extent and variety of the universe; alike in the inorganic or unconscious agencies of matter, and in the operations of organic, vital, and conscious force? Infinite and inexhaustible as are the "possibilities" which nature may have in store for man, her minister or interpreter, it is ever in the direction of harmony and unity that their joint action rightly tends. It is to Mind, as the address ends with saying, that "both the deep-seated instincts of man and the profoundest researches of philosophy alike point as the one and only source of power." Nor need we fear but that the laws of mind are ultimately in truth the same—in nature, man, and God. To speak of the formulas which from time to time embody man's empirical ideas of nature, of God, or of himself, as "laws" mechanical and self-acting, excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, is to exalt the mind of man to the exclusion or disparagement of the co-ordinate, or rather over-ruling, power, upon which both nature and man depend. Such may be the tendency of a narrow and hard, but not of a numerous or influential, sect of the philosophy of our day. Though modern science, "as seeking exclusively the order of nature," separates itself more and more widely from theology, "which seeks its cause," there is room and hope for the working of a higher and more comprehensive school, which may have for its task and its glory the correlation of laws or truths which as yet seem to have neither common measure nor design. Philosophy and religion may build up side by side the proofs of that stupendous whole of many parts contemplated by the poet,

Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

LAHNTHAL.

WE feel, as the Quakers say, a concern lest we should be reproached for inconsistency. After speaking our mind pretty freely as to the sayings and doings of the British tourist and the delight of the genuine traveller on first getting beyond his range, we may seem to be cutting our own throats if we call attention to a region of high interest into which we suspect that

the British tourist does not often make his way. Near the districts which he does frequent there often lie other districts of high attraction in every way which the real traveller has all to himself. Hardly an English name is to be seen in the list of strangers; not a word of English, or of any tongue but the language of the country, is to be heard among those whom the traveller comes across. Such districts one would, if one could, keep hidden from the general public and reveal their being to those only who are worthy. But unluckily we know of no system of freemasonry by which we can pass on knowledge to the one class without at least putting it in the way of the other class. Our only hope is that, by a happy instinct which they not uncommonly display, they may read our invitation as a warning and keep themselves off of their own free will. We will venture then to suggest to those who set out from home with some reasonable object before them, be it history or antiquities or geology or natural history or the study of men and manners, that a region rich in more than one of these ways at once, and from which tourists seem hitherto to have had the grace to keep quite away, may be found within easy reach of another region where tourists, and classes much worse than tourists, do greatly abound. At no great distance from the Nassau watering-places, at no great distance from some of the most hackneyed points on the Rhine, lies the upper part of the beautiful valley of Lahn, one of the most picturesque regions of the old Frankland, a district fully answering in all points to the description which we have just given. We are half afraid to talk about it, for fear Mr. Cook should at once go and "open it up" to the British public. Still we cannot withstand the temptation of saying somewhat about so beautiful and so historic a region, and of pointing out what there is to be seen there to those who are worthy to enjoy it.

The banks of the Lahn have lately been brought into more notice than usual by reason of the festival held in those parts in honour of the famous Minister Von Stein, the second founder of the power of Prussia. And one of the picturesque towns of the district is familiar by name at least to every devotee of Goethe. For was it not in the free Imperial city of Wetzlar that Lötchen cut the ever-memorable bread and butter for her brothers and sisters while Dr. Goethe was practising the law of the Empire before the *Reichskammergericht*? And in another part of the town the curious may still be shown the very house in which the lawless wight who bore the strange name of Jerusalem committed the rash act of shooting himself. We confess that our sympathies are more deeply awakened by the memory of Von Stein than by the memory of Lötchen; but, better than either, we like to carry our thoughts back to days before either the Minister or the poet, to days before there was either a *Reichskammergericht* to plead before or a kingdom of Prussia to set up again, and when there was no danger of a free Baron of the Empire being swallowed up either by a French Republic or by a Duchy of Nassau. We pass along the picturesque valley with its ranges of hills on either side, and the level of the plain itself broken by isolated rocks. Each island peak, each rocky promontory jutting over the river, has its own legend, its own living memorial in the shape of town, or castle, or church, or monastery. Amöneburg is still fragrant with the memory of St. Boniface. The basaltic rocks of Gleiberg and Felsberg are still crowned by their ruined towers. But some spots demand a longer stay and a longer notice, and among them the three towns of Marburg, Wetzlar, and Limburg, with what we may look on as its dependency of Dietkirchen, may fairly claim the first place. Each of these towns stands nobly over the river; each is rich in its surviving ancient buildings; Marburg especially has a double source of attraction in the possession at once of a church and of a castle of the highest interest. Wetzlar, besides its picturesque site and the hill-fort which looks down upon it, has a church which has gone through some of the strangest changes of any building in existence. At Limburg almost the whole interest gathers round one single building—the now cathedral church. And no better proof can there be to show how much may be done by the choice of a majestic site and by that variety of outline in which the German architect surpassed all others, when we see so small a church as this, on a scale far below that of Wells or Hereford, standing forth as a rival of the general effect at once of Lincoln and of Durham. The church is finished with seven towers, a plan designed at Winchester and half carried out at Laon, but which here at Limburg, as at Rouen, appears in its full perfection. Its south side rises like Lincoln over the city at its foot, while to the north and east the church and its attendant buildings crown, like those at Durham, the rocks which overhang the river. The whole pile as seen from the bridge, the east end as seen from the foot of the precipice on which it stands, are really among the greatest triumphs of the art of architectural grouping. At the first sight of Limburg there is perhaps a certain feeling of disappointment as the eye first takes in its small positive size. We have heard of the seven towers, we have seen them in engravings, and we are apt instinctively to conceive that the church which is crowned with such a diadem must be one to take its place among the great churches of Christendom. But this feeling soon passes away and we are left to admire without drawbacks the ever-shifting outlines of a building which must be nearly the most picturesque even among the picturesque churches of Germany. Its satellite Dietkirchen stands on a site not unlike its own. Its east end, almost hidden by a crowd of surrounding buildings, crowns the rocks above the Lahn just like its more lordly neighbour. As the chief church of a city Dietkirchen might, at least in Germany, be

looked down upon; but in England its two bold western towers, both Romanesque, but not exactly alike, would be unique in any except churches of the higher rank; and, standing as it does on the outskirts of a mere village, and placed on one of the most picturesque of sites, it is a building which would call to itself no small share of attention in any part of the world.

Setting aside Dietkirchen as a village, the three towns have each of them a character of its own conformable to its own peculiar history. Marburg was the dwelling-place of a temporal prince; its steep is therefore crowned, not by an episcopal church or an episcopal palace, but by the castle of the Landgraves. The great church of St. Elizabeth, the church of Conrad of Marburg, stands at the foot of the height and not on its summit. Limburg, for some centuries at least, was the possession, if not the dwelling-place, of an ecclesiastical prince, of the Primate who was also Arch-Chancellor of Gaul. It was neither an Imperial city nor the capital of a temporal principality. The ecclesiastical element is therefore predominant. The minster and its attendant buildings sit side by side as a stronghold on a rock; but there is nothing like the gorgeous display of temporal magnificence which we see in the episcopal palaces of Trier and Würzburg. Wetzlar had neither spiritual nor temporal lord; a free city of the Empire, the peer of Köln and Frankfurt, she had no King but Caesar, and no smaller potentate might enthrone himself as a master within her gates. A little way beyond them she had her *Malvoisin*, her evil neighbour, in the shape of the fortress crowning the hill which soars above her; but within her gates the objects to be studied are her gates and towers themselves, and the picturesque winding streets climbing up the hill crowned by the minster and the open space around it. It was only in the latest age of the Empire that Wetzlar became a chief seat of such Imperial power as still was left, when such causes as were reserved unto the hearing of Augustus, or of those by whom Augustus was directly represented, were decided—or at least argued—within her walls, and when a poet who survived the Empire held, or might have held, a brief at Caesar's judgment-seat. But the character of an Imperial city is impressed on Wetzlar from the beginning. Marburg is a city of princes; Limburg is mainly ecclesiastical; Wetzlar, small as it is, is every stone of it, a city of Emperors.

Of the four churches which we have brought together, Dietkirchen and Wetzlar are the only two which retain any portions of unmingled Romanesque. The internal look of Dietkirchen, with its plain square piers and arches, and the single round arch of its triforium, is, as so often happens in Germany, unworthy of the expectations which are aroused by the picturesque effect of its site and its towers. At Wetzlar the Romanesque part is of very small extent, but it is of the highest possible value; it consists of the original west front of the church, which has been preserved in a strange way through the very fact of its being destined to destruction. The whole church, from the west wall eastward, has been rebuilt, and it is now, both physically and theologically, divided into two, being parted asunder between the two prevalent religions. The nave, a fair example of what the Germans call a *Hallenkirche*, one with the nave and aisles of equal height like Bristol Cathedral, and containing some fine geometrical windows, is used for Protestant worship. The Catholics keep possession of the choir, and the two parts are divided by a most stately roodloft. This choir, contrary to all German custom, is lower than the nave, and the work of earlier date, the windows showing tracery in its rudimentary form. It is plain that the work of rebuilding began from the east, and that, as the builders got westward, their ideas enlarged, and they made their nave on a grander scale than their choir. When they came, a generation or two later, to design their west front, their ideas enlarged again, and they planned a magnificent façade with two lofty towers, and a stately double portal between them. The west wall was now to be advanced considerably to the west, and the length of the nave was to be increased by two bays. To this plan of course the original west front was to give way, but the builders had the discretion not to pull down till they had built up, and, as they never finished building up, they never altogether finished pulling down. The new west front was begun, its walls were carried up to a certain height all round, and its southern tower was finished as much as many other Continental towers are finished—that is, it is complete as a square tower, but lacks the crown of its spire or octagon. But the central compartment got no higher than the portal, and of the northern tower nothing but a mere stump was built. Meanwhile the ancient front was touched only so far as was needed for the building of the southern tower and its junction with the nave on that side. This involved the destruction of the southern tower of the old front, but left the northern tower and the great central doorway. The church therefore has now two imperfect fronts, one behind the other—the southern tower of the later, and the northern tower of the earlier front, being in a comparatively finished state. Thus, from our point of view, we trust it may always remain; we could not wish to see the church enlarged and the later front finished at the sacrifice of the precious relics of Romanesque work which lurk behind. The northern tower is one of those which in England we should be inclined to set very early, but which in Germany are often late in the eleventh century, or early in the twelfth. But the central doorway, double, and divided by a shaft, is one of the noblest examples of the style. The whole is rich with ornament bold and massive, but thoroughly appropriate, while the central shaft carries us back to Speier and Gelnhausen, and to the lands

from which Speier and Gelnhausen drew their models. As becomes an Imperial city, the capital of the one single column in the whole building assumes what we may perhaps venture to call the Imperial form.

In chronological order Limburg comes next. The church, raised in modern times to cathedral rank, is throughout a perfect example of the German transitional style; the stage where, outside at least, the general look and feeling is still Romanesque, but where nearly every arch is pointed. The details of the west front show plainly that it belongs to the thirteenth century, but as far as the general outline and finish of its towers go, it might have belonged to the eleventh. Within, the piers, though their arches are pointed, retain the square massiveness of the Romanesque, but the upper portions are later, and, in idea at least, much more advanced. Limburg, indeed, has some points of likeness to Laon in internal treatment as well as in external outline. Both have the same double triforium, making a fourfold instead of threefold division of the height; but at Limburg, as so often in Germany, the lower triforium forms a real gallery designed from the beginning. The internal treatment of the central octagon is most skilfully managed, and the whole inside has an appearance of dignity which might have been thought hard to reach in a church on so small a scale.

Marburg is, on every ground, one of the most famous churches of Germany. Its connexion with the history of St. Elizabeth and with the early days of the Teutonic Order, its wealth in tombs, pictures, and other ornaments, the shrine of the sainted princess herself among them, combine with its singular perfection as an example of the earlier German Gothic style to make it one of the most typical churches of the land. All of a single date, except no doubt the finish of the two slightly unequal towers, the building gains as an artistic study what it loses as a matter of architectural history. In Marburg there is nothing to be spelled out, as at Wetzlar; there is a work, perfect in its own kind, to be studied and rated at its true value. It is a thoroughly German church, a *Hallenkirche* with apsidal transepts; no one could for a moment take it for a French or an English building. The merits of the arrangement, the equal height of the nave and its aisles, as compared with the several stages of internal elevation with which we are more familiar, is fairly a question of taste. It may perhaps be said that, at least as we see it at Marburg and Wetzlar, it gains in lightness but loses in dignity. The treatment of the piers and arches at Marburg is most successful; that of the windows and the external treatment generally strikes us as less so. We cannot blame its designers for not choosing the heavy roof which seems to crush so many churches of this type, as the choirs of the two great churches of Nürnberg. But surely the arrangement of Wetzlar, where each bay of the aisle is gabled and contains a single large window, is better than that of Marburg, where the gables are hipped, and the whole circuit of the outside is cut up into two ranges of small windows. Even in the apses, the special German arrangement, the tall narrow windows, so glorious at Aachen, and which may fairly stand their ground as an alternative arrangement beside the circling chapels of France and the great east windows of England, is at Marburg forsaken. To us it seems that two or more ranges of windows, unless they really mark two constructive stages of the building, sin against the first law of reality. The arcade, triforium, and clerestory are properly marked by three ranges of windows, because they are three real stages of the building; here at Marburg, the whole height of the church forms but one stage, and it should therefore have but one range of windows. In Romanesque apses and transepts fronts we indeed see several ranges of windows one above the other, and the effect is thoroughly good. But why? Because, though they do not mark any actual constructive ranges in the apses and transepts themselves, they are continuations of real constructive ranges in other parts of the building. Also in Romanesque, a style without tracery, windows must ever be small, and a window of the height of those at Aachen or Wetzlar would be impossible. It struck us at the first glance, and we still think, after weighing the matter, that the arrangement of the windows is a fault throughout the beautiful church.

We have no room left to speak of the castle of Marburg. We will therefore only say that it is no mere ruin, no mere predatory fortress. It is a well preserved mediæval secular building, worthy of the site on which it stands, and of the church on which it looks down. Its vaulted halls, its chapel, its windows, the architectural details throughout the building, deserve real artistic study, and not mere picturesque admiration.

GROUSE, POLITICS, AND PROSPERITY.

NOW that the Twelfth of August is marked with a white stone by the fortunate people who can afford to enjoy it, it is curious to remember from what very recent times the great shooting festival dates its origin. Fashion has done much for it, and steam more, until at last the masses who never share in it have come to regard it as a national institution. Naturally, as July is followed by August, the Session goes out as the grouse comes in, nor dare the most autocratic of popular Ministers dream of prolonging legislation beyond the morning of the 10th. Grouse, as is known, wait for no man, and if you do not shoot them early in their season, they will not attend your leisure at the end. The harshest and least sympathetic critics feel that it is idle to protest against

the precipitancy that condemns many a promising measure to an untimely fate. The hardest-working Englishman believes in holidays, seldom as he may enjoy one; field sports are understood to be a grand specific for cobwebs on the brain, and the moors are believed to be a more bracing school for our public men than the stubbles. We grumble at national blunders and shortcomings, but in our inmost hearts we feel an honest pride in the rough-and-ready statesmanship, soldiership, and diplomacy that always pull us through somehow. We are perpetually coming to grief in matters of detail. We go on committing *laches* to which our generous consciences hasten to plead half guilty, hinting in advance our readiness to pay down millions by way of atonement if needful. We organize expeditions regardless of expense to avenge ourselves on some remote potentate who, secure in almost impregnable fastnesses, having taken umbrage at the negligence of a Foreign-Office clerk, has shown his displeasure by locking up a missionary and a traveller. We are always crying out about economy; and we keep up the most costly army in the world, which we loudly declare to be the most inefficient. But somehow the army, like our other institutions, has generally done its work, although it may be in an expensive fashion. We have had a succession of incompetent Ministers at home—witness philippics of the Opposition and leading articles *passim*. We have sent out diplomatists to be overreached and bamboozled by their shrewder rivals, and the result of it all is that England has attained her present highly satisfactory position of power and prosperity, while her purse seems to fill the faster for the perpetual waste.

We believe in the national pluck, vigour, and resources, and, above all, in the system of training that develops them. We have our theory as to why our somewhat haphazard statesmanship and strategy should have yielded results so brilliant. Our governing classes and the men who give an impulse to the commerce that fills the Treasury to overflowing have always gone to school in the open air, and we know that it is not the boy who pores over his books in playtime and prides himself on the propriety of his well-brushed jacket that makes the most conspicuous figure in after life. We do not say that there are not advantages in passing one's holidays as Continental generals and statesmen do. You go to your country house with chestsful of books, blue, green, or yellow, and master after an early dinner an enormous amount of knowledge that may one day prove useful. You associate with kindred spirits at the waters, and discuss by the Brunnen of a morning, or on the Casino terrace of an afternoon, subtle questions of campaigns, political and military. No doubt you have your reward. Knowledge of a certain kind can only come with assiduous study, and must always have its value. Of course you are less likely to bring to grief the country for whose destinies you are responsible if you have forecast and discussed in advance each conceivable contingency. But the other system has its advantages too, especially when contemporary politics are full of surprises, and pregnant with unlooked-for emergencies. A Minister startled by a telegram reaching him at his shooting-box finds his nerves already strung to deal with the difficulty that has risen of a sudden in his path. His first fresh, clear, courageous instinct ought to be worth hours of dull Cabinet deliberation. When is a great engineer more likely to strike out his most brilliant and original conceptions than when his brain is still working from habit in the accustomed grooves in the innocent intoxication of the breezy air of the mountains, possibly dashed with a suspicion of brine from the neighbouring ocean? The rank and file of Parliament in their degree profit by the regimen that invigorates their leaders, and the millionaires of industry and commerce temper their spirits for the cool daring speculations which have made the fortunes of England together with their own.

We do not exactly mean to say that the grouse are the guardian spirit of England. England flourished when the grouse was as rare in English markets as the bustard, and a thorough English Minister like Sir Robert Walpole freshened himself and his vigorous policy on his Norfolk partridge ground. But the moor and the hill, scarcely known in those more easy-going days, administer to our more jaded and effete civilization the stronger tonic which it requires. We remarked at the outset on the very recent date of the great festival which is now so popular. Even at the beginning of this century the Highland lairds had but the faintest glimmerings of the treasure they possessed in their barren mountains. A Highland gentleman shot, and made his keeper shoot, and his household was sated with game in the season, as it had been with salmon some fifty years earlier still. If a stray traveller ventured into those melancholy wilds, and chose to bring his gun with him, he might have a turn on the moors almost anywhere for the asking. In any case he found game everywhere on the inn tables, although there might be no beef, and only salted mutton. The host, by understanding with the functionary who combined the keepership with a variety of other avocations, might always send a gun upon the hill, if he desired to supply his larder. Those days should have been the golden age of the grouse, when an occasional flint single-barrel was the only weapon they had to dread. It is true that, as even the animal creation has never been exempt from the primal curse, it was not all so bright with them then as it might seem now in the retrospect. Their winged and four-footed enemies flourished and multiplied as they have never done since. Eagles, hawks and kites, ravens, crows and magpies, foxes, wild cats, marten cats, polecats, stoats, and weasels, harboured undisturbed in corry and cairn, and were little molested in their nightly flights and patrols. But at least there were no

organized massacres in the early weeks of the season, when whole coveys of innocents, kicked up by single birds, fell fast to the deadly roll of quick-shooting, quick-loading central fires, as men shot against each other to top the paragraphs in the papers. Now fashion and science conspire against the birds. The remoteness which formerly was their best safeguard has become a thing of the past, now that Highland railways and swift steamers have established communications with the great Southern network of lines. They are scrupulously preserved from illicit raids, and their natural enemies are rigorously proscribed everywhere beyond the limits of the deer forests. But they are only preserved as the calf is cherished and fattened for the knife of the butcher. They fall in late August as pigeons at Hurlingham, or autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, and, useful in death as beautiful in life, they play no insignificant part in contributing to the greatness and prosperity of England.

It may be prejudice, but we believe there is no sport like grouse-shooting for the tolerably active man, well advanced past middle age. Even if he have the head, he has neither the limbs nor the wind left him to clear Alpine crevasses, to grind his way up interminable moraines, to scale ice-walls, and balance himself on giddy ridges. He may be no seaman, and may object to having his enfeebled constitution renovated by internal revolution as he is rocked on the heaving billows. Even if foxes came in with grouse, he may have lost as much in nerve as he has gained in weight. Low-country shooting is not to be despised, but it becomes rather a strain than otherwise when you must labour over the turnip drills while the languid air lies heavily on the flat between the hedgerows. Comparatively few men past fifty are sufficiently certain of their aim to care for the long break-neck stalk, now crawling in the ice-cold brook, now running like the animal they are after, on the vague chance of missing a deer with a shaking hand. But every one who has the money and the time can find grouse-shooting suitable to him. If he cares for heavy bags and easy walking, there are the great barren tablelands stretching away on the level, or rolling slightly on the rise towards the low ridge that bounds the horizon. If he likes fair but not excessive exercise, he may select his lodge in some valley among those uplands where the fitful puffs of air change into a cooling breeze as you saunter by easy zigzags up the gentle ascents. But if you really desire the sport in perfection, you must rent your moor among the wild hills on the Northern watershed, where, rising from the zone of the grouse to that of the ptarmigan, you may feast your eyes on each bare-scalped Pisgah in the glorious panorama, embracing everything in its scope from the yellow corn-fields in the remote lowlands to the grey distant haze that rests on the green rollers of the Atlantic. What a life-inspiring change from Pall Mall pavements, and close Committee-rooms looking over the lead-coloured Thames, provided you don't draw too freely on your pluck, and risk doing yourself irreparable injury in the first excitement of your intoxication! You have beats of a dozen or fifteen miles as the crow flies, where you go meandering after your dogs up hill and down corry, over rocks and precipices, now leaping from stone to stone in a half-dried torrent bed, now scrambling with hands and knees and painfully drawn breath up some rugged natural corridor. Birds are in plenty, although not in superabundance; all of them already well grown and strong upon the wing, save here and there a second covey of "cheepers" which you spare with their anxious parents in charitable contempt. Each corner that you turn opens up some fresh enchanting prospect, as different from the bricks and mortar among which you have been vegetating through the early summer as is the mountain breeze from the tainted atmosphere within the bills of mortality in the normal playgrounds of epidemics. Here are the remains of a blasted pine wood on a sheltered slope, and lower down a group of graceful birches—a notorious spot for black game—feathering down on a stretch of soft emerald turf by the rivulet. There is a wide barren plain, redeemed from utter solitude by a single shepherd's shieling, stretching away to where the sheer walls of rock drop into the deep blue lake that lies sleeping at their feet. Then comes the mid-day meal, when you make your frugal repast by some diamond of the desert, to be followed by the well-earned siesta, when you sink back as the extinguished cigar falls from your lips, and dream dreams of the worries that are past—dreams that are followed by awakening to the delightful reality. We know not whether grouse may not be doomed, as outraging the communistic tendencies of an age which denounces the reserving of special recreations for the plutocracy; but we are sure there is a great deal to be said for their careful preservation on national and material, as well as selfish and sentimental, grounds.

POETRY AND SEWAGE.

WE have all read much in prose and verse about the Tweed and its tributary streams, but it has not perhaps occurred to us to consider those rivers in the necessary, but unromantic, point of view of drainage outfalls. The Commission on the Pollution of Rivers has lately published a description of the basin of the Tweed which may scarcely harmonize with some other descriptions of the same locality with which we are familiar. The poets call a river clear or pure just as they call a man strong or a woman fair:—

Sweet Teviot, on thy silver side
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore

This river has long ceased to deserve to be called "sweet." Indeed, it has become so great a nuisance that nobody would ride upon its banks who could possibly reach his destination another way. The Teviot is polluted by town sewage, liquid refuse from woollen manufactories, dye-works, and tanyards, and also by cinders and spent bark. People who dwell upon a river's bank seem to expect that it will carry away, not only all the liquid filth which they choose to pour into it, but any quantity of solid refuse as well. No doubt a river can put away a good deal, and probably nobody ever explored a deep hole by diving without finding an old pot or kettle at the bottom of it. But, still, there is a limit to the capacity of every stream, and the entire sewage of Hawick, combined with cinders, broken crockery, pots, and kettles, seems to be rather too much for the Teviot. That bold moss-trooper William of Deloraine would have done much to serve the Lady of Branksome, but we question whether he would not have hesitated to ford the modern Teviot below Hawick. Let us hear a description of the Tweed just below the confluence of the Galawater, and close to Melrose, to which place Deloraine was sent. A resident at Melrose told the Commissioners that in his time the Tweed has always been filthy when the river is low, but of late years it has become much worse, and in summer-time now the stench of it is odious, and the colour of the water very bad. On Saturday afternoons it comes down blue, red, and green, with masses of woollen stuff floating on it. There is a weir at Melrose, which creates a great pool, in which this stuff settles. The result is that the bed of this pool has become perfectly filthy, so that if a dog goes into it he comes out just as if he had escaped from a dye-vat. The Galawater has the credit of bringing most of this impurity into the Tweed, and indeed that unfortunate little stream seems to be perfectly overwhelmed with nastiness. The Commissioners call it "the dirtiest of the affluents" of the Tweed. There is another stream, even more thoroughly consecrated to poetry, which has hitherto enjoyed a better fate:—

What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?

Well, we are glad to say that it is still not much else. Woollen manufactories, dye works, paper mills, have not yet been established along its banks. But it is destined to share the fate of its sister rivers, and if you wish to see it in pristine purity, you had better not delay your visit. Its holms are green and its stream is sweet; but some enterprising capitalist will doubtless soon reduce it to the condition of the Galawater or the Teviot:—

Oh! swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;

and it may be hoped that there are still fast horses in Buccleugh's country, although they may have a difficulty to find clear water. Some of the manufacturers boldly asserted that it was not they who polluted the rivers, but the farmers with their lime and manure and sheep-wash; but analysis was against this theory. Sheep-washing lasts only a few days, but wool-washing goes on all the year. By a curious fatality the Leader, which Wordsworth has associated so closely with the Galawater, is almost unpolluted, but nobody can tell how long it will remain so. The nuisance, however, may in time become unbearable. Every manufacturer requires pure water for his work, and if the stream which flows past his door has been polluted, he must fetch clear water from elsewhere. It would seem to be almost as cheap to leave the streams as nature made them, and to dispose of refuse otherwise than in their channels. It would be vain to ask commercial people to consider the poetical or the picturesque, but it really deserves attention that, if the natural beauty of this district be destroyed, tourists from America and England will cease to visit it, and then the hotels and railways will become unprofitable. It will, at any rate, be necessary to amend the quotations of the guide-books:—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
But do not go on Saturday night;

because the stink of the Tweed will poison you. The river spirit who complained that

Tears of an imprison'd maiden
Mix with my polluted stream,

has doubtless been long since improved away from the banks of the Teviot; but if he remained there, he would know by this time what pollution really means. He was, we think, disposed to put "rather too fine a point on it" to suit this district in modern time. The Ale, through which Deloraine rode, remains hitherto uncontaminated, but the Jed, which like the Ale is a tributary of the Teviot, has been reduced to the condition of a sewer. We do not know whether the water spirit would find any maidens' tears in the Jed, but he would certainly find there town sewage and liquid refuse from woollen manufactories, dye works, tanyards, skinneries, slaughter-houses, gas works, and sheep-dip manufactories.

The Clyde, which is laden with filth beyond computation before it joins the sea, is, in its upper reaches, and for more than two-thirds of its course, one of the most beautiful of Scottish rivers. It waters pleasant upland pastoral valleys, traverses rich and fertile lowland landscapes, falls through abrupt and rocky wooded defiles, and furnishes, in one portion of its course, some of the finest river scenery in the island. Nowhere is there a greater contrast than that which exists between the unpolluted waters which come down to Lanark, or even as far as Hamilton, and the

foul and stinking fluid to which they have been changed not twenty miles beyond that point. The Commissioners from whom we are quoting grow positively eloquent in describing the nastiness of the Clyde. Within the space of a few miles, they say, river pollution is exhibited in almost all its forms, and may be witnessed in every degree of intensity. This change, which takes place so rapidly as the river passes certain points, has nearly all arisen within living recollection. It is not very long since the Clyde, even at Glasgow, was comparatively clean. Now its water is loaded with sewage mud, foul with sewage gas, and poisoned by sewage waste of every kind. The cause of this change is to be found in the enormous increase of population and of manufacturing industry which during the past generation has been witnessed in Clydesdale.

We will not examine the condition of other rivers. It may suffice to say that wherever manufacturing industry prevails there is an abominable nuisance. In truth, this question of sewage, however disagreeable, will force itself into notice as one of the most pressing questions of the time. The beauty of our rivers has been spoiled, the fish in them have been killed, and the water has been rendered unfit for use. All large towns pollute the water which comes to them naturally, and are forced to bring other water to them artificially. It is contemplated to take the water of "still St. Mary's Lake," which belongs to the basin of the Tweed, and carry it to Edinburgh. In like manner it has been proposed to carry water from the lakes of Wales or Cumberland to London. But before these violent interferences with the order of nature are attempted, it might be well to try the effect of allowing nature a fair chance. It has already been determined that the Thames shall not be polluted by the sewage of towns upon its banks. And when these towns find that they must dispose of their sewage otherwise, they will doubtless contrive the means of doing so. It is said that by sewage irrigation large crops of grass may be grown, on which cattle may be fed. But although sewage is a nuisance, and meat is scarce, it has hitherto been almost impossible to employ the one in producing the other. Yet these Commissioners agree with other authorities in declaring that sewage can be profitably applied to land, and that there is no other trustworthy means of getting rid of it. It is said that when a large breadth of land cannot be obtained near a town, a process of filtration may be employed, for which a few acres of land, properly prepared, will suffice. The latter process is declared by these Commissioners to be effectual, while the former process is not only effectual, but profitable. As regards the refuse of manufactories, which is usually much more poisonous than sewage, manufacturers themselves would be glad to be placed under a general law which should compel all alike to adopt measures for disposing of this refuse otherwise than by pouring it into rivers. The pollution of the Thames concerns London only, but the pollution of "Tweed's fair river broad and deep" concerns all the English-speaking world. Americans have subscribed to the rebuilding of Warwick Castle, and they would doubtless subscribe, if necessary, to preserve the purity and beauty of the Tweed and its tributary streams. If this object had been proposed to the enthusiastic assemblies which toasted the memory of Sir Walter Scott last year, it surely might have been accomplished.

We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?

We have dreamed of the fair-flowing water of Teviot, and let us not allow ourselves to behold the hideous deformity of a dark and fetid stream. It were better never to cross the Scottish border than to run the risk of finding "another Yarrow" from that which bore burden to the Last Minstrel's song. But it cannot be that the process of defiling and deforming nature will continue. At the present rate of progress it would soon be necessary for an Englishman or Scotchman to cross the sea in order to behold anything that might deserve to be called a river. When things are at the worst they must mend, and nothing can be more disgusting than the description in this Report of the condition of the Galawater where it joins the Tweed above Melrose. The fiend who at the bidding of Michael Scott built a weir across the Tweed, and asked for another job, might find continuous employment in keeping this river clean. If he were very troublesome, he might be ordered to wash a man who had bathed in it.

THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILWAY.

THAT "England is an Asiatic Power" is a favourite doctrine with those who think it necessary to give some reason, founded on higher motives than avowed sloth and selfishness, for advocating the modern Manchester policy of total abstinence from European politics. If we may not altogether admire the use which is made of the plea, we cannot impugn its truth, nor altogether deny its validity; and it has at all events over the naked baseness of the "Perish Savoy!" principle the advantage of decency; it does recognize the existence of such a thing as national duty, and national responsibility for the exercise of the great powers and the use of the splendid opportunities which Providence has granted. It recognizes these things at least in name and form, even if those who employ the phrase are not generally more earnest in their zeal for the performance of England's duties and the maintenance of English policy in Asia than the old-fashioned statesmen who would have scorned to make the greatness of our Oriental Empire an excuse for littleness at home. England is a great Asiatic

Power—the greatest, if she chooses, of all Asiatic Powers—and enjoys in that position such opportunities of national greatness and of unselfish beneficence as have rarely, if ever, fallen to the lot of a ruling State or dominant race. And, as the mistress of the finest empire in Asia, and the stronger and more civilized of the two rivals between whom the hegemony of the continent is now divided, and in whose hands its future lies, she cannot, without a palpable dereliction of duty, without proving herself manifestly degenerate from her past and unworthy of her present, abdicate her paramount influence in Oriental politics, or leave them to settle themselves or be settled by the sword of the strongest, as she has of late seemed disposed to leave the affairs of Europe. Every question that affects the stability of a leading Asiatic Government, the rise or decline of a nation, the distribution of territory, even the intrigues of a Court or the slow and silent progress of hostile diplomacy, is of as deep concern to the sovereign of India as are the like matters in central Europe to Austria and Germany, or as the fate of Holland and Belgium is to France. Above all, she is intimately affected by the policy and the fortunes of the two principal Mohammedan States, by the tendency of their foreign alliances or leanings, by their internal development or decay, by everything that can render them an easier prey to Russian aggression, or a stronger barrier against it. She is interested in them, too, by a more unselfish title; by her obvious mission, or, in American language, her manifest destiny, as the civilizer of Southern Asia, the prospective or possible restorer of its lost prosperity, the developer of its long-neglected, but still enormous and practically inexhaustible, resources. And further she is interested in them, directly and immediately, as they lie between herself and her Eastern possessions; and as their friendship or enmity, their civilization or retrogression, may hinder or help communication between the source of her strength and the seat of her power—may facilitate or retard the transport of British troops, artillery, and material to India, and the establishment of a route along which traffic may pass more rapidly and readily than by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and the existence of which would therefore tend more than anything else to open up India to British capital, energy, and enterprise, and to open to Indian industry and commerce, quickened by their influence, the markets of the West. Those, then, who remind us so emphatically that England is an Asiatic Power must in consistency allow that nothing that materially affects the fortunes of Asiatic Turkey can be matter of indifference to her. Those who, on the ground that our future lies in the East, bid us regard with undisturbed tranquillity the conquests of Germany, or the encroachments of France, must on the same ground admit that we are much more deeply interested in the advance of Russia and in the stability of the Porte; that, if we can afford to sit still while Prussia acquires the command of the Sound, it is because we are more intimately concerned in the security of the Bosphorus; and that in proportion as we think less of the balance of power on the Rhine, we are more impelled to watch with anxiety the balance of power on the Caucasus. That the principle in question has not been thus carried out, the complaints of Indian statesmen, the unopposed progress of Russia, and the recent abandonment of the Porte at a critical moment, sufficiently prove. That a certain number of English public men are alive to the greatness and urgency of our Asiatic interests, and contrive to compel the attention of languid or pre-occupied Ministers, is testified by a variety of valuable publications which the general public does not read, and by occasional questions and conversations in Parliament to which, significant as they are, it pays no attention.

After the question of an overland railway route to India, and the Report of General Chesney on the Euphrates Valley exploration, had been allowed to slumber for thirty-five years, a Committee sat during the two last Sessions to consider the subject; and it has produced a Report in favour of the project which has evidently been impaired in force and cogency by the lukewarmness of the commercial and the reserve of the official members, but which nevertheless is worth reading, and is backed by evidence, not voluminous, but extremely weighty and well chosen, and bringing a great preponderance of authority to bear on the affirmative side. That it would be of immense advantage to England and to India if the passage between them could be shortened by seven or eight days, few will dispute; that the military importance of such a result might at times be incalculable, the Mutiny has proved beyond possibility of doubt. The Suez Canal may to some extent have diminished the need for an overland route, but the Suez Canal may prove a precarious and inadequate resource in time of pressure; that it should be stopped altogether for a time is not inconceivable, and in any case a saving of seven days is sufficient to secure an extensive preference for the proposed Euphrates railway. That the latter might not, for some time to come, pay commercially is so probable that it is not likely to be undertaken as a mere commercial speculation. But it appears that the Turkish Government is willing to incur the outlay if England will guarantee a loan for the amount; the cost of the line preferred by the Committee is estimated by them not to exceed ten millions sterling, is stated by others as low as six and a-half millions; and the question for consideration is whether the value of the line to England, in her capacity as an Asiatic Power, is not worth all the expense that such a guarantee is likely to involve. Of course, if the line did not pay its working expenses, and if the Porte were insolvent, we might have to pay some 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.* a year. But if the Porte should become insolvent, the prospect before us might well present difficulties and dangers compared with which

this would be the veriest trifle, and in which the possession of such a line would be of incalculable value.

A line from Scutari to Baghdad and Bussorah would enable the traveller to reach India with a minimum of sea voyage, by taking the route *via* Calais and Constantinople; but for military uses such a line would be valueless, and for commerce less convenient than the Suez Canal. A line with its terminus on the Euxine would be less advantageous still, and subject to the conclusive objection that it would be intercepted just when we needed it most. For English purposes, the required line must have its North-western terminus on the Mediterranean; and the choice appears to lie between Suedia (Seleucia, in the bay of Antioch) and Scanderoon or Alexandretta; the former of which is the less suitable port, while the latter is unhealthy in the extreme, and moreover involves a costly passage through a rough and mountainous district. In either case the line would run by Antioch and Aleppo to a point on the Euphrates; thence along the river to Baghdad; and thence probably along the Euphrates, perhaps by the left bank of the Tigris, to Bussorah or the neighbourhood, terminating probably at Grane, a small port to the south-west of Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf. It seems to be generally agreed that it would not be worth while at present to attempt to carry the line to the eastward as far as Kurrachee, where it would join the railway system of India; but, if the scheme prospered, and the route were found commercially profitable as well as politically important, such an extension would no doubt be made at a future date. It is obvious that both the termini of the proposed line would belong, practically, if not technically, to England. Both would be wholly beyond the reach of Russian aggression, so long as Turkey is capable of self-defence, and both would be easily held, and could only be held, by a Power that is mistress of the seas. The whole length of the line would be perfectly safe so long as we remained on terms of amity with Turkey and with Persia. It would pass through a country still fertile, though comparatively desolate at present; a country whose past history shows that nothing but irrigation and diligent cultivation are necessary to render it one of the most productive in the world; the seat of the powerful empires and populous cities of Assyria and Chaldea, afterwards the richest portion of the Persian monarchy; in later days, the chosen seat of the Arabian Caliphate. Neither Turk, Arab, nor native Christian will ever by themselves restore even the shadow of its lost prosperity; but if the railway should attract English colonists, and if England should be resolute enough to secure for them adequate protection against local tyranny, their skill and enterprise might before many years had passed develop once more the extraordinary resources of the soil, and lay the foundations of a new agriculture and civilization upon the ruins of the oldest in the world. They would find native labour available to a sufficient extent for their original requirements, and would attract increasing numbers as their operations and their wealth increased; and the railway would secure to them the only remaining necessity of successful colonization—access to the markets of the world. In this way the American railways carried, sometimes on speculation, sometimes, as in this case, for the sake of "through" traffic, in advance of population, across unsettled regions, have brought population with them, and created the industry whose needs they exist to supply. So well is this understood in the States, that many railways have been made, chiefly if not entirely, at the cost of this prospective population—a moiety of the land within a mile on either side of the line being granted to the Company, and sold by it to defray the cost of making the road. A similar speculation in the case of the Euphrates Valley might be, and would certainly seem, too hazardous and uncertain a venture for English capitalists; but in estimating the prospects of the road, the possibility of making it the centre of a flourishing English settlement in one of the richest countries of the world ought not to be wholly overlooked.

On the political and military value of the road the Report of the Committee is silent, or nearly so. But a pamphlet lately published—the translation of a paper written in 1858 by an Austrian officer of high rank, on the position and policy of Russia in the East—sets this point in the clearest light. Russia, argues the writer, as a great inland Power, naturally and necessarily craves an access to the sea. At present she has none that answers her purpose. The Arctic seaboard is of course useless; the conquests of Prussia put it in her power at any time to close the Sound, and shut up the fleets of Russia in the Baltic; and Turkey holds the only outlet from the Euxine. The nearest and most attractive point at which the maritime ambition of Russia could aim is of course Constantinople. But neither Austria nor Germany could tolerate the occupation of European Turkey and the tenure of the Lower Danube by so powerful a neighbour, and, for military reasons, an attack on Constantinople while Austria and Germany hang on the flank of the invader would be a most hazardous, if not a desperate, enterprise. Of this the Czars have shown themselves so far aware, that while they never have renounced, and probably dare not renounce, their designs on Constantinople—an object of no less eager desire to the nation than to its rulers—they have of late directed their active exertions in another direction, and have pushed their encroachments and strengthened themselves chiefly on the side of Asia. Their next effort may probably be made towards the Asiatic coasts of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. In that case Turkey and Persia would be thrown into the arms of England; and England would have to defend her Indian Empire on the battle-field of Asia Minor. In such a conflict a

railway which would enable her without difficulty to bring into the field of action the whole disposable force of India would be of the utmost importance, and might be decisive of the issue. This aspect of the question deserves attentive study from all but those who believe as obstinately that our Indian Empire would be safe if the Russian dominions were extended to the Levant and the Gulf of Persia, as that England would not be endangered if Belgium and Holland were annexed by a Continental rival, and helped to make the first of military Empires also a great naval Power. The case could not be better, more clearly, or more tersely stated than in this pamphlet (published by Stanford); and without an attentive consideration of its arguments, supplementing as they do the facts and supplying the omissions of the Parliamentary Report, it is hardly possible to form an adequate conception of the magnitude and urgency of the question to which General Chesney devoted the best energies of his life, and to which, just before its close, he succeeded at last in directing the thoughts of statesmen, the attention of Parliament, and, we trust, the interest of the nation.

LEGAL EPIDEMICS.

READERS of the newspapers must often have been struck by the way in which particular forms of crime or eccentricity seem suddenly to become prevalent. Now there is a series of peculiarly brutal murders; then all sorts of imbecile and incapable people go out in boats in squally weather, and get drowned; for the next few weeks, drunken husbands take to setting nagging wives on the fire to cool their tempers; and after that, by way of a change, we are horrified by the news that our neighbours on all sides have acquired an uncomfortable habit of filling their houses with large pythons, boa-constrictors, apes, baboons, orang-outangs, and other ugly or malicious monsters, who occasionally get tired of domestic seclusion, and wander out into the streets. During the next few weeks we shall, no doubt, have the usual dose of accidental shootings. A fool sees a gun in a corner, assumes that it cannot possibly be loaded, points it in fun, and kills somebody, his mother or sweetheart perhaps. This is an everyday story of the autumn months. If the tender-hearted persons who are so troubled about dickybirds and acrobats would take up this much more serious question, they might possibly do some good. A sound flogging would be a mild penalty for the abominable folly of pointing a gun at any one "in fun." Disease has its fashions like bonnets and crinoline, and it would appear that the humours of the mind have a similar tendency to become epidemic. It cannot have escaped observation that for some time past the papers have been full of trials for libel and breach of promise of marriage. It might almost be supposed from the reports of the law courts that everybody had been seized with an uncontrollable passion for libelling everybody else, and that all the unmarried male adults in the country had given themselves up madly to flirting and jilting. We have not the slightest intention of discussing any of these cases, or of questioning the justice of the verdict in any particular instance. We refer to them merely as evidence of the curious tendency of such things to come in a rush. It is difficult to say whether it is only an epidemic of violent litigiousness, or whether libelling and jilting have really become more prevalent in English society; but, on the whole, we cannot help thinking that the former surmise is the correct one. It is difficult in reading the cases which are reported day after day to resist an impression that the strain which is now being put on the law of libel and slander, and also on that of breach of promise, is rather more than they can be expected to bear. We have certainly no sympathy with backbiters and slanderers, or with faithless swains. It is quite right that people should be taught to keep a watch upon their tongues, to eschew idle gossip, and to be very careful how they speak ill of their neighbours, and also that promises of marriage should not be allowed to be lightly broken. But it may be doubted whether it is desirable that a civil action should be twisted from its natural and legitimate purpose, and be made the means of inflicting punishment for small and not very easily defined offences. There is also an obvious danger in encouraging a spirit of excessive litigiousness, and in leading people to imagine that they are either bound or entitled to seek legal redress for everything that can be construed into an injury to their feelings. What is vulgarly called "taking the law" of a man may be a pleasant revenge for those who can afford it, and who, even if they fail to get a verdict, may have the satisfaction of knowing that their adversary has been subjected to much anxiety and expense; but it can hardly be supposed that reckless litigation is calculated to promote social harmony and good feeling.

It was predicted, when plaintiffs in breach of promise cases were allowed to appear in the witness-box, that defendants would certainly have a bad time of it; and the results of recent trials would seem to show that there were good grounds for this belief. It will be remembered that in the memorable case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, Mrs. Bardell was borne fainting into the Court, with her darling boy kicking and howling in sympathy behind her; and if she had been permitted to go into the box, her counsel's famous speech would probably have been superfluous. It is difficult to imagine the defendant in an action of this kind, who, on the most favourable construction of his conduct, has made a fool of himself and fallen a victim to the designs of an artful woman, presenting an interesting and prepossessing appearance before a jury. If he looks soft and ashamed of himself, the jurymen feel

that he is letting down their sex before the world; if he is bold and defiant, it is accounted heartlessness, and is pretty certain to be punished by heavy damages. Everything is against him. There may be good reasons why he is justified in endeavouring to escape from a marriage with a woman who has perhaps in many ways imposed on him; of whose want of delicacy, sensibility, refinement, or honesty, he has become painfully aware; whose parrot talk, sham graces, and false hair he has seen through as soon as the first glamour passed off; but then it is difficult to bring these things seriously and impressively before a jury. They are things hard to prove from the witness-box, although they are probably things which an impartial person of the least discernment could not be five minutes in the plaintiff's company without discovering. The smart flashy woman, who can droop her eyes and make good play with her handkerchief, and who is just the sort of person to lay a clever trap for a simple fellow, is also admirably adapted to produce an effect when giving her evidence in Court. Speculative attorneys, with an eye to a profitable case, may be trusted to take care that their client has sufficient schooling beforehand in the niceties of her part, and in those sensational passages which are supposed to be most telling with juries, and to be not altogether thrown away upon judges. It appears that a dead set has lately been made on the farmers. In nine out of ten recent breach of promise cases the defendants belonged to this amiable class, and perhaps it is not less significant that the plaintiffs have usually been barmaids or young persons in a light fancy business. From of old the bucolic heart has been proverbially soft and tender, and the farmers of to-day are no doubt as susceptible as the shepherds of early times. After a brisk forenoon at market, and a comfortable dinner at the "ordinary," Strephon is just in the mood for a chat with Chloe in the bar, or a little philandering with Daphne at her counter, and is probably not too guarded in his simple prattle. The result is that he finds himself one day depicted in thrilling language as a gay and ruthless deceiver, and has to pay over a snug little fortune to the shrinking dove with whose gentle heart he has so cruelly trifled. There are no doubt cases in which it is possible to form a reasonable estimate of damages for breach of promise, as, for instance, where the plaintiff has given up a situation, or spent money in preparations for the wedding, or where her counsel take their ground solely on the material advantages she would have enjoyed if the defendant had married her, and ask compensation for so many gowns and dinners of which she has been defrauded. But if lacerated feelings are to be paid for, it would be interesting to see the account made out in detail. It is tolerably obvious that the sort of women who do not shrink from the exposure of their love affairs in a public Court, and the publication of the more ridiculous passages of their correspondence in every newspaper in the country, are not, as a rule, the most sensitive of their sex.

It is usual for judges in cases of this kind to warn the jury against giving what are called vindictive damages; but it would seem that they are not always indisposed to connive at verdicts which are intended to punish the defendant, although at the same time it is admitted that the plaintiff is not entitled to compensation. In a recent breach of promise case at Chester, the jury said they desired to give just enough damages to carry costs. The only meaning which can be attached to a verdict of this kind is, of course, that the jury do not see that the plaintiff has suffered any real injury, but they think the defendant acted imprudently, and should be made to smart for it a little. The same fundamental misconception of the meaning of a civil suit underlies most of the verdicts which are delivered in actions for libel. The person libelled rarely obtains more than a few shillings or a few pounds, which is as much as to say that he is none the worse for the hard things which have been said of him; but still, as a matter of social discipline, the defendant must pay a fine. The practice of allowing costs to suitors who have practically failed to make out their case is a dangerous encouragement to speculative actions. It may sometimes be necessary for a man to vindicate his character by an action for libel; but, as a rule, suits of this class only give a wide currency to observations which would otherwise have been quickly forgotten, and which in all probability never did the person to whom they were applied any substantial injury. It is seldom that any one resorts to this kind of protection who does not feel that his character is already in a questionable condition. It would appear that in the case of libels a reaction has set in against the over-straining of the law to which some of the judges have been in the habit of lending themselves, and it is not improbable that something of the same kind may happen before long in regard to actions for breach of promise. The only legitimate ground for a civil action is that an injury has been done for which compensation can be assessed in money; and if it cannot be fairly assessed in this way, the jury have no right to look beyond the claims of the plaintiff, and to consider whether the general interests of society require that the defendant should be punished. It is not desirable that the law should be administered in such a manner as to encourage frivolous or speculative suits. Some of the judges require to be reminded, as Dr. Carpenter reminded the philosophers at Brighton, that common sense is, after all, the basis of their science. They are too apt to forget that the object of the law is rather to make peace than to foster litigation and provide incomes for sharp attorneys. A strong judge who had the courage to take in hand tricky or trivial cases and to laugh them out of court, as the late Mr. Justice Maule used to do, would render eminent service at the present time.

WEYMOUTH AS IT WAS AND IS.

THE Special Correspondents of the newspapers who have been lately called upon to describe Weymouth seem to have laboured under the difficulty of finding that it is rather a poor place. It depends for its importance chiefly on the memory of King George III., and perhaps when many columns of the *Times* have been devoted to the visit of the Prince of Wales, it may be interesting to refer to the same newspaper for an account of Royal doings at Weymouth in the year 1798. At that day Special Correspondents had not been invented, and the country was so used to the occurrence of great events that it had no need to get up an artificial excitement over small ones. French war and Irish rebellion could not shock the Court from its dull propriety, and the King and Queen lived on the open beach at Weymouth in apparent disregard of the possibility of the sudden appearance of a hostile squadron in the Bay of Portland. The birthday of their Majesties' eldest daughter had been kept with "the usual demonstrations of joy," which perhaps had become rather too usual to be agreeable to the person in whose honour colours were displayed and salutes fired. The King, Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the nobility, had been varying the monotony of sea-side life at Weymouth by an excursion to Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, to see the sports of the country people, which were not over till late in the afternoon. "All persons of jovial, friendly, and loyal dispositions" were invited to be present at these sports, which were held on the 29th of September. The amusements were perhaps too manifestly suitable to the tastes of a King whose serious speculations were, according to the satirist, directed to the question how the apple got inside the crust of a dumpling. The handbill announced that a pound of tobacco was to be grinned for, and a good hat was to be cudgelled for. A pig was to be given to whoever could catch him by the tail, and a barrel of beer was to be rolled down the hill as a "prize to whoever stops it." There was also diving, wrestling, and sack-racing. At the very time that the King and his Court were enjoying themselves in this homely fashion, an army was in the field against the Irish rebels, to whom a French squadron was striving to carry aid. The same newspaper which describes the birthday rejoicings at Maiden Castle announces that a British frigate fell in with the Brest squadron on the 24th of September, and was so nigh the flagship as plainly to perceive the troops on board of her. The squadron was so encumbered, and sailed so very badly, that it was thought Sir John Warren must reach the coast of Ireland before the French could approach it. This officer had sailed from Plymouth in quest of the Brest squadron, and the Correspondent of the *Times* comfortably adds that "Lord Bridport is stationed off Ushant to prevent their return into port." The King and his people were much alike both in their taste for amusement and in the imperturbability of mind which enabled them to enjoy it in the midst of tremendous dangers.

We have been quoting from the number of the *Times* which contains the official announcement of Nelson's victory at the Nile, but we dwell chiefly on the ordinary condition of England as shown by the correspondence of the newspaper transmitted before the victory was announced. The "naval and military intelligence," as we should now call it, is brief, businesslike, and entirely devoid of flurry or bombast. A portion of the North Sea fleet has sailed under Sir Richard Onslow for the Texel, while the remainder is with the Commander-in-chief, Lord Duncan, in Yarmouth Roads. It was enough to announce that the North Sea fleet was ready for sea, and Duncan in command, to assure the public that all was well. In the previous year that fleet had been so thinned by the secession of disaffected ships that Admiral Duncan had found himself at sea with only his own and another ship. He nevertheless proceeded to his station off the Texel, where lay at anchor a Dutch fleet of fifteen sail of the line. The mutiny at the Nore was not, like that at Sheerness, justified by the refusal of reasonable concessions to the seamen, nor did the mutineers display their patriotism by selecting for the mutiny a time when the enemy's fleet was not expected to put to sea. But it was a remnant of the same loyal spirit which caused the mutineers at the Nore to haul down the red flag and fire a royal salute on the King's birthday. This was on the 4th of June, 1797. Within a fortnight the mutiny was suppressed, and in October following Duncan's fleet, with many of the mutineers on board, fought the battle which terminated the existence of Holland as an independent naval power. Napoleon proposed to employ the resources and situation of Holland against England, and it is possible that hereafter some other ambitious potentate may cherish a similar design. But after a century and a half of rivalry the Dutch were forced by this defeat to acknowledge that England had finally gone beyond them in naval power. About the same time Admiral Jervis had gained an equally important victory over a Spanish fleet, and therefore it probably seemed to the Editor of the *Times* enough to tell his readers that this veteran, now become Earl St. Vincent, was with his fleet off Cadiz looking after the Spaniards. As regards the French squadron which had slipped out of Brest, Sir John Warren would catch them at sea, or, if not, Lord Bridport was ready for them when they should return to port. In the meantime let us all be jolly, and grin for a pound of tobacco, if we possess the faculty of grinning. We do not indeed know where Nelson is, or what he is doing, but if the expression had been invented, we should say that he is pretty certain to turn up as the right man in the right place. If he can only catch the French fleet which has sailed from Toulon, he will give a good account of it; but he is engaged

upon a task which resembles that of seizing a pig by his greased tail. The sports were held three days ago, and Weymouth is wondering whence will come the next excitement, when a messenger arrives from London bringing to His Majesty the news of Nelson's victory. This news had been delayed in transmission. The ship which bore Nelson's despatch was captured after an obstinate resistance by a French ship of superior force, and a duplicate despatch sent overland brought the news of the victory to England. The battle was fought on the night of the 1st of August, and the official announcement did not reach the Admiralty until the morning of the 2nd of October. It is difficult to believe that important intelligence could have travelled so slowly, and although the name of *Vanguard*, which belonged to Nelson's flag-ship, is borne by one of the ironclads at Portland, the ships and seamen of Nelson's age are as obsolete as the postchaise which carried the messenger to Weymouth with news of the battle of the Nile, and by great exertions was able to arrive there before the King went to rest.

Whatever else has changed in naval affairs, the nature of a south-west gale remains the same, and a gale, or little short of it, was blowing during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. He came to celebrate the completion of an undertaking of great magnitude and manifest utility. The Portland Breakwater encloses a secure anchorage of about 1,600 acres. The entrance is defended by a fort at the end of the Breakwater, and the entire harbour is commanded by works on the Isle of Portland, and both fort and works will be as strong as the resources of military science can make them. The Breakwater is built of rough stone from the quarries of Portland, which has been excavated by convict labour. A scaffolding, supported on piles in the sea, carried a railway, and by means of it wagon-loads of stone were brought down from the quarry and tipped into the water. This work has been proceeding for twenty-three years. The first stone was laid by the Prince Consort, and the last stone has been laid by the Prince of Wales. A fleet of fifteen ironclads was assembled in honour of the completion of an undertaking worthy of a great naval Power, and creditable to the engineers who designed and executed it. The money expended on this Breakwater has never been grudged by the most rigid economist; and we believe that no complaint was ever made against the conduct of the works, except when it was said that the convicts, being well fed and not overtasked, could not be undergoing very severe punishment. The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur came from Osborne by steamer for the solemnity, and returned there after it was over. They lunched at the Gloucester Hotel in Weymouth, which was the favourite residence of their great-grandfather, and the country people collected for a sight of royalty, although there was not offered to them the additional attraction of a cudgelling-match for a new hat. Enormous sums of money have been spent upon new models of ships and forts during the last twenty years, and even if the result be unsatisfactory, there was no choice but to make the attempt. We have got an ironclad fleet, and nobody seems to know exactly what it can do, whereas when King George III. used to visit Weymouth the country had a fleet upon which it could always thoroughly rely. One point, however, which has been sometimes doubted seems to be ascertained. Whatever may be the form of ships of war, seamen are required for their management; nor is it likely that naval skill can ever be superseded by mechanical contrivances. That wonderful self-reliance which enabled Nelson and his captains to make a successful night attack on a French fleet anchored in an unknown bay was the product of long and hard service, in which the seamen of those days contended with the elements incessantly, and with the French, Dutch, and Spanish navies wherever they could be met with. But it must not be assumed, as some superficial readers of history have assumed, that the defence of the United Kingdom at that time was entrusted solely to the fleets with which Duncan, Jervis, Hood, and Nelson watched with sleepless vigilance every movement of their country's enemies. On the contrary, it appears by the same newspaper from which we have already quoted, that Militia regiments were embodied under canvas in England, while in Ireland an army was still in the field against the rebels, whose hopes were not finally crushed until Sir John Warren defeated the French squadron near its destination in the Bay of Donegal:—

The French are in the bay,
They'll be here before the day,
And the Orange shall decay, &c.

One French squadron did reach the bay, and landed the troops it brought, but they were soon defeated. If a similar attempt had been made in the Bay of Portland, we may be sure that the Militia and regular troops of the Western counties would have sufficed either to prevent or revenge an attack on the marine palace of King George III., nor would the change from cudgel-playing to a more exciting contest have been unwelcome to the men of Dorset. Perhaps if we were involved in actual war with near and powerful enemies, we should show ourselves not unworthy to represent the nation which neither French hostility, Irish rebellion, nor even the mutiny of its own fleet could terrify. Intellectually perhaps King George III. and his Court at Weymouth made rather a poor figure; but their calm enjoyment of the simple pleasures of country and sea-side life contrasts advantageously with modern fussiness and frivolity.

THE OPEN COMPETITION MANIA.

IT has not been stated whether the question of "master and slave," to use Mr. Ayrton's expressive language, has yet been adjusted at Kew, but most people, we imagine, will now be glad, if possible, to forget a painful and repulsive incident, and to hope that the scandal of the Director's retirement may be averted. We shall say nothing more on the personal aspects of the controversy, but there is one part of the Kew correspondence, relating to the appointment of an assistant to the Curator, which seems to deserve especial notice as an illustration of the practical working of the open competition system. It is a most amusing and suggestive story, and reads exactly like a novel with a purpose, only it is all true. Last summer it was discovered that the Curator of Kew Gardens was oppressed with heavy and multifarious duties, and it was therefore proposed that he should have an assistant who could, if necessary, take charge of the accounts; and who should be "familiar with the routine duties of a garden, and be recognized by the foremen and gardeners as holding a responsible position." It was also explained to Mr. Ayrton, whose personal experience has probably supplied him with some painful reflections on the subject, that "much tact and temper being required in dealing with gardeners as a class, it is above all things essential that the clerk, who must mix with all those at Kew, should be a person who would command their respect." The Treasury, after some correspondence, agreed to the appointment of a clerk to the Curator, at a salary of 100*l.* a year, rising to 200*l.*, and the next question was how the appointment should be made. When Mr. Ayrton decided that there should be an open competition, Dr. Hooker urged that at least there should be a selection of candidates previously to competition, as "certain personal qualifications that cannot be tested by competition are absolutely essential to the proper performance of the duties required." To this the First Commissioner replied, that if the person appointed did not give satisfaction during the period of probation, the appointment would not be confirmed. If the matter had been left to the Director and Curator, they would probably have picked out a young man for the place, without troubling the Civil Service Commissioners to do more than subject him to a test examination. The whole thing might have been settled in a week or two, and the over-worked Curator would at once have begun to enjoy the relief he so urgently required. But Mr. Ayrton was resolute in insisting upon an open competition, and of course the Civil Service Commissioners backed him up. The result was a long and complicated correspondence between the Board of Works, Kew Gardens, the Civil Service Commissioners, and the Treasury, and the appointment of an incompetent under-gardener who was a burden to the department, and had to be got rid of at the cost of half a year's salary for doing nothing. At this moment the poor Curator is still, as far as we can make out, without an assistant.

We wish we could print the whole correspondence, it is so characteristic of the blind and reckless fanaticism of the supporters of the craze about competition, as well as of the absurd way in which public departments contrive to waste time and stationery, and to make needless work for themselves. It is difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous than three or four great public offices concentrating their energies for months together on a petty question of this sort, which could have been settled straightway without any fuss or difficulty, and in the most satisfactory manner, if it had only been left to the authorities at Kew; and then making a mess of it altogether. It appears that the Treasury, as soon as they really understood the question, supported Dr. Hooker's proposal that he should nominate a candidate for a test examination, but this was opposed by the Board of Works and Civil Service Commissioners, and in the beginning of December the Treasury gave way. The result of the competition, for which there was a special examination, was that Mr. Robert Smith, an ex-gardener of Kew, was pronounced the successful candidate, and duly appointed. His arrival at Kew was reported in the following letter of the Curator:—

Kew Gardens, Kew, 21 Feb., 1872.

SIR,—In reference to Mr. R. Smith, whom you have sent to me as Clerk to the Curator, I beg to state that I have this morning explained to him fully the duties and responsibilities of the appointment, of which I found him entirely ignorant.

He then informed me that if he had known that such were the requirements of the office, he would not have become a candidate.

I consider him utterly unfitted for such a position, and am quite at a loss to find any employment for him.—I am, &c.,

JOHN SMITH, Curator.

Dr. Hooker also wrote to say that Robert Smith's testimonials were wholly unsatisfactory, and pointed out that they did not include one from himself, although Smith had for a short time been employed at Kew. On referring to the conditions of the competition, we find it laid down that "candidates will be required to show what preliminary training or technical education they have undergone to qualify themselves for a situation of this nature, and they must satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners on this point before they can be admitted to the competition." Yet on this important point the Commissioners never took the trouble to ascertain the opinion of R. Smith's late employer, the Director at Kew. English composition was one of the subjects in which Smith passed; and the first sentence of the first letter he wrote to the Board of Works was as follows:—"I presented myself to Dr. Hooker on Tuesday morning to receive instructions

in my duties, but neither he nor Mr. Smith have as yet given me any," &c. The accountant of the Board of Works was sent down to examine R. Smith in book-keeping, and reported that, having shown him a list of office duties, "he promptly replied that he did not understand anything of them, and that he knew nothing whatever of office business."

In the face of this testimony, the First Commissioner insisted that R. Smith "should be employed and instructed in his duties for six months, and a report made on his fitness at the end of that period"; though how a man could be employed, before being instructed, in duties of which he knew nothing, was not explained. Dr. Hooker replied that he knew R. Smith to be unfit for the place from "actual knowledge and experience of him in the Gardens," and that it was no part of his duties or the Curator's to instruct clerks for the Civil Service. In another letter he thus summed up the case:—

1. A man who has never kept accounts is selected to have made over to him complicated accounts involving many thousands annually.
2. A man who has never kept stores is selected to keep and check store accounts, and to supervise in detail the quantities and prices of stores purchased and delivered and consumed.
3. A man who does not spell correctly, punctuate properly, or write a good hand, is selected to conduct a general correspondence.
4. A man whose qualifications in point of skill, quickness of apprehension, neatness and order, have never been inquired into, is selected to arrange papers of a most heterogeneous and uncommon description.
5. A man who up to the age of twenty-eight has never directed men as a foreman himself is selected to direct foremen in matters with which they are more or less familiar, while he is not at all so.

He also observed that

to raise a gardener, who never had even a second-class place as such, to the rank of clerk, over-pay him, and put him into communication with skilled foremen, for the purpose of learning from them how to control them in some of their most responsible duties, would arouse their justifiable resentment.

Upon this the Board of Works asked the Civil Service Commissioners to re-examine R. Smith. The Commissioners replied that it would be "quite contrary to their practice and at variance with their principles" to re-examine a candidate when once their judgment had been pronounced; but they could not deny that R. Smith "was not required to produce evidence on those points which cannot be tested by examination—i.e., the evidence of testimonials respecting his previous training, and especially his practical familiarity" with the duties he would have to discharge. The Commissioners were good enough to "regret that a certificate should have been issued by them implying his possession of practical qualifications" as to which they had never made the slightest inquiry, and which competent judges asserted that he did not possess. The certificate had been granted, however, and, no matter how inaccurate and misleading, could not be withdrawn. It appears that it is a "principle" with the Commissioners to insist upon their own infallibility; and the only consolation they could offer to the department which they had saddled with a useless and ridiculously over-paid assistant was that it would be for the First Commissioner "to cancel his appointment, if after six months' trial he should prove incompetent to discharge the duties of his situation"; thus calmly ignoring the fact that he had already been pronounced incompetent, and had himself admitted that he would never have applied for the place if he had known what the duties really were. The Board of Works now intimated to the establishment at Kew that R. Smith must be taught and allowed a fair trial. This drew from the Curator a letter pointing out that he had never asked for a clerk, but for an assistant or "henchman"; that R. Smith at the best was hardly worth 20s. a week, not 100s. a year, "and that he could get the pick of the best men in England for the salary offered by the Board"; and protesting against having his "duties, already onerous, increased by having to superintend an officer of the Board doing next to nothing." Dr. Hooker appealed to the Treasury; the Treasury recommended Mr. Ayrton to cancel the appointment of R. Smith, and allow Dr. Hooker to choose a man for the place, remarking that, "if by the requisite probation you mean that R. Smith is entitled to be kept on trial until the end of some indefinite period, however completely he may have proved his unfitness, my Lords do not consider that view sustainable." The appointment was accordingly cancelled; but whether the other recommendation has been carried out does not appear. It need hardly be said that, if the head of an important establishment cannot be trusted to fill up a subordinate office of this nature, subject to a test examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, he is clearly unfit for the position he occupies. It should be observed that in this case two persons at least were very ill used—the over-worked Curator, who was deluded and mocked with the promise of assistance, and whose work was rather increased than diminished, and would have been very much increased if he had not refused to teach an under-gardener bookkeeping, arithmetic, English composition, &c.; and the unhappy candidate, who was tempted to offer himself for a situation for which, when he knew the duties, he candidly pronounced himself unfit, and who has had to endure the humiliation of being dismissed, and of having his deficiencies discussed in a public correspondence. Perhaps one good result of this incident has been that it has drawn from the Civil Service Commissioners an admission (13th July) that "in cases where the qualifications are of such a kind that the head of a department considers they cannot be tested except by personal inquiry on the part of one of its officers, the Commissioners see no reason why such personal inquiry should not be made a preliminary

for the competition"; for which small gleam of common sense, better late than never, there is reason to be thankful. The Commissioners have certainly had a very sharp and humiliating lesson.

THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

THE decree of the German Parliament against the Jesuits is evidently not intended to be a *brutum fulmen*. They are really to be expelled from the new Empire, and great is the consternation of the whole *Gesuitanti* party, and indeed of Ultramontane prelates and the Ultramontane press throughout Europe. That the blow cannot now be averted appears to be quite understood, and there are indeed serious fears entertained that Catholic Governments like those of France and Austria may follow the example of the Protestant Cabinet of Berlin; indeed, the strictly Catholic Government of Bavaria had, many years ago, set them the example. The opposition accordingly now takes the form, not of petitions, but of protests; and as protesters have no directly practical aim, but simply desire to relieve their tortured feelings somewhat after the manner of the much-enduring Mrs. Gamp when she declared, "Them's my sentiments," they may naturally allow themselves considerable latitude in the choice of language. It is not politic to swear at people whom you wish to influence, and it is at best a work of supererogation when you are going to knock them down. But if you have no chance of persuading, and cannot use your fists, there is a certain satisfaction in letting them know very distinctly what you think of their conduct, more especially if you can take the public into your confidence also. It appears from a manifesto just issued by the indignant Catholics—we hardly know whether to say of Elsass or Alsace—that this temptation has proved too strong for them, and the fire long kindling within has at length found outward vent. Our hesitation as to the nomenclature arises from the circumstance that, while the *mandement* issued from the episcopal palace of Strasburg to all the parish priests in the diocese is in French, the accompanying protest, which they are requested to sign themselves, get signed by their congregations, and return at once to the Bishop's secretary, is in German. It was perhaps thought best, in addressing heretics, to use an heretical tongue. However, the contents of the document are of more interest than the language, and it certainly is not open to any imputation of mincing matters. What, then, are the essential points of the grievance alleged by the signatories?

They begin by observing that, if they kept silence while the Catholics of Germany were presenting monster petitions against the new law, it was not the silence of indifference. Most emphatically did they agree with the emphatic declarations of their brethren; and now that the obnoxious enactment has become a law of the Empire, they feel constrained in their "Catholic conscience" to put forth a solemn protest. The religious orders and congregations belong to the organism of the Church, as the nobler members belong to the human body; which suggests a curious physiological inquiry as to the vitality of the ecclesiastical body in the ages when the nobler members were as yet non-existent. The founders of these orders "are the heroes of Christian faith and love," and the Church is always and everywhere their debtor. Their principles and their works are known to the world—rather too much so, some critics of the Jesuits might think. For the last twelve centuries they have been models of Christian faith and morality. The protesters go on to observe that the religious working among them are of their own flesh and blood, and that their interests and sympathies are bound up together. They then refer, in refutation of the plea that the law against the Jesuits is not directed against the Catholic Church, to the language of official and officious journals, full of abuse of the so-called "black company," of the Holy See, and of the freedom and unity of the Church. But it is not so much to repudiate these insults as to give testimony to truth and right that they lift up their voice. Their view may be expressed in a few words:—"We see in the law against the Jesuits an attack on the freedom of conscience, the freedom of the Catholic Church and of Catholic families. We indignantly protest against the carrying out of a law which injures and revolts two hundred million Catholics in their inmost and holiest feelings." A protest not very dissimilar in style and tone had been issued a month before, accompanied by a long-winded address to the Catholics of Germany, by the German Catholic Union, in which the new law is attacked on five different grounds. It is an injury to the Church which has approved the Jesuit Order, and a menace to all Catholics who agree with them in faith and morals; it is an infringement of personal liberty; it is an act of ingratitude towards those who have given heroic proofs of courage and self-devotion; it is a violation of public opinion; and lastly it is a disturbance of religious and national security. The address expatiates on several other topics, including the Old Catholic movement, which is sharply denounced, and includes an elaborate, but somewhat ambiguous, exposition of the true relations of Church and State, quite open to an interpretation in accordance with Boniface VIII.'s famous Bull *Unam Sanctam*, about the Two Swords.

We are not going to enter on a discussion here as to the abstract justice or injustice of the new law. Sir Robert Peel is probably almost singular among politicians who are not fanatics in wishing to see a similar treatment applied to the Jesuits in England. But Germany is not England; and the German Jesuits, if

they are not much belied, differ considerably from their brethren here. Be that as it may, however, and whether or not the grounds of Prince Bismarck's policy are morally and politically adequate for its justification, it strikes us that some of the grounds of protest urged against it are not very happily selected. One might perhaps observe that what the Catholic Union calls "an attack on a defenceless band of scarcely two hundred priests," even supposing it to be arbitrary and unjust, is hardly equivalent to an outrage on the Catholic Church, and a menace to all her children. But, in fact, there is a far more serious *lacuna* in their statement of the case. As long as the Alsatian protest confines itself to a general glorification of the merciful and heroic deeds of religious orders during the last twelve hundred years, during three-fourths of which time the Jesuits were not in existence, they are on comparatively safe ground. There may be a reverse to the picture certainly, and regulars and seculars have not always, if history may be trusted, been on quite such affectionate terms of intimacy as appears to be the case at this moment. Still, on the whole, the great religious orders were a powerful instrument of good in the middle ages, and their services to literature and civilization as well as to religion ought never to be forgotten. But with them the German Empire is waging no contest. When the protestors claim an entire solidarity with the "maxims and words" of the incriminated communities, they must be presumed to refer chiefly, if not exclusively, to the particular Society which is the object of adverse legislation. Now, even supposing that there were, as there are not, 200,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world, is it exactly correct to say that they all feel their innermost and holiest feelings outraged by any sort of attack on the Jesuits? At the time of their suppression in 1773 we are told that the feeling on the subject was a mixed one, and that, if they had bitter assailants, they had also fanatical adherents. But there can be little doubt that Clement XIV. carried with him the general suffrage of the Catholic public, as he certainly had the unanimous support of the Catholic Governments in the step he took. And it is remarkable that the one country in Europe where the dispossessed Order found a welcome and a home was schismatical Russia. Catherine II. had gained too much by the religious dissensions which they had studiously fomented in Poland not to be grateful, and they readily accepted her invitation to settle, with their belongings, in a country where the Pope had no power; and there they remained—of course dropping the name, but retaining the reality of a religious order—till Pius VII. recalled them into active service. The maxims and deeds which had drawn on them this summary chastisement from the supreme authority of their Church did not altogether approve themselves to the "Catholic conscience" of Europe; and if Pascal found general applause in exposing a vicious theory of morals, the universal suspicion of every Catholic Government supplied strong presumptive evidence that his criticism was directed against no mere speculative errors. The "freedom of conscience and of Catholic families" which are now invoked in their defence are not the interests which they were then supposed especially to represent. And the case of Poland, already referred to, even if it stood alone, would go far to prove that their presence has not always been the surest guarantee of national "quiet and security." But it does not stand alone. No Englishman can forget that the Jesuits were seriously implicated in some at least of the conspiracies during Elizabeth's reign, and, after leaving a broad margin for the fancies or exaggerations of Protestant alarmists, it still remains true that they did much behind the scenes to foment the religious and political embroilments of the reign of Charles I. In France their political influence was of course as notorious as it was, for a time, almost absolute. We do not refer to these matters with any desire to stir up an anti-Jesuit crusade, or even with any intention of pronouncing on the wisdom of the recent legislation against them in Germany. But it does prove clearly that there is—to use the terminology of the logic books—a notable *ignoratio elenchi* in the vindications and protests which are being issued with a rather suspicious uniformity. That any curé in France or Germany would care to decline the "request" of his bishop to sign a petition or protest on any subject under the sun is highly improbable, but the signatures can hardly be taken as a safe index of even clerical opinion. And what the general result would be of polling the Catholic laity, either in Germany or elsewhere, as to their devotion to Jesuit principles and interests, there can, we should imagine, be very little doubt.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

II.

THE two Catalogues severally of the "Fine Arts" and of the "Industrial" Departments do little credit to the publishers, the compilers, or the editor. The "Publishers to Her Majesty's Commissioners" boasted at the time of the last International Exhibition in Paris that they alone had proved the possibility of bringing out a complete Catalogue on the day of opening. This boast was refuted by a public statement, never contradicted, that ten days after the opening a whole gallery of pictures was still wanting to the English edition of the Catalogue. We were thus prepared for what might otherwise have come on us as a surprise, that ten weeks after the opening of the present International Exhibition there was still a void of 500 numbers in the Catalogue of "the Fine Arts Department"—in other words, between No.

1700 and No. 2300 there is not a single entry. The companion Catalogue of the "Industrial Department" is no better. It is true that the authorities try to silence censure by the ingenious but now hackneyed device of "under revision" printed on the title-page. And, wishing to make all charitable allowance for the difficulties involved, we were willing to give the publishers time. We did not purchase a second copy of the Catalogue till July 13, and then went to work among the jewelry. But the confusion was still so considerable, the discrepancy between the Catalogue and the objects so great, that the simplest way was to throw the Catalogue aside altogether. We asked among the attendants for explanation, but in vain, till we came to the chief stall in the Gallery, when, from the midst of glittering diamonds and gold, the showman thus spoke:—"Those books are all wrong, they were published before the objects were arranged or in the cases, and have never since been set right." That a little knowledge and a fair amount of care would have rectified the errors, and secured for the use of the public a trustworthy and instructive inventory, there can be no doubt. The visitor has only to cross the road to the Museum, and turn to the Catalogue of Ancient Jewelry prepared by Mr. Soden Smith, to appreciate, through force of contrast, the value of perspicuity and order. It is a pity that the Commissioners do not annul the essentially commercial arrangements with their publishers. It is time to abandon the policy of squeezing out penny or halfpenny profits. The paramount purpose should be to make the Catalogue, like that of the National Gallery, not an inventory of goods and chattels, not a parade of names, not an advertisement of shops, but an instrument for the education of the people.

The collection of sculpture is imposing from the multitude of works exhibited and the number of nations represented; but altogether it is without novelty, and it is insignificant in art merit. Figures almost as familiar as the Duke of Wellington on the arch are once again exposed to view without the possibility of the trite plea that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Yet for the purpose of pleasing decoration, or as objects which may serve as furniture to fill vacant windows and walls, we can scarcely object to the "Youth at a Stream" (2580), by Mr. Foley, R.A.; the "Young Naturalist" (2912), by Mr. Weekes, R.A., or "The Reading Girl" (2641), by Signor Magni. It is well known that favourite figures are multiplied to order by journeymen carvers, and the replicas thus manufactured commonly lose the life of the originals; of such mechanical manipulation, at once hard and weak, pretentious yet purposeless, are many of the figures here placed on sale. On the whole it may be said that the chief value of the collection is to teach by dire example what students should avoid. It is sometimes indeed instructive to see the worst that an artist can do; on this principle we direct special attention to "Il Paradiso" (2519), by Mr. J. Bell; a terra-cotta bust of Mr. Millais (2524), by Mr. Boehm; a "Double Bust" (2569), by Miss Susan Durant; H.R.H. the Princess of Wales in hat, muff, and skates (2591), by Count Gleichen; and "The Dying Saviour" (2660), by Mr. Physick, sen. It is our duty to protest against the admission of works which bring the English school of sculpture under the ridicule and contempt of foreigners. But when the fundamental principle of these Exhibitions is abandoned for no principle at all, when the worst of mediocrity is allowed to usurp the place of the exceptional excellence for which these Galleries were originally reserved, it becomes difficult to save our national reputation from disaster and disgrace.

Turning in sorrow away from the English sculpture, we find but little consolation on the foreign side. The contributions from Italy are scarcely the best of their kind. "The Veiled Model" (2682), by Professor Tantardini, displays with habitual debility the pretty fancy, the delicate detail of the school; the head is half seen, half concealed by a gauze-like veil, a trick of the chisel which some years since gained for Signor Monti loud and empty applause. Italy also contributes samples of her genre and pictorial styles.

In contrast to the Italian sculpture, which shows the school of Canova in decadence and debility, are the vigorous bronzes which assert for Russia an honourable place among art-producing nations. By far the most remarkable figure of the year is a life-size statue of "John the Terrible" (2510), by M. Markus Antokolsky. The character of a monarch who killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage is here sketched with decisive force; the hands have the sinewy grip of talons, the eye is keen like the eagle's, the head is shadowed by moody melancholy and vindictive purpose. The manner is essentially Northern; indeed the style has points in common with Molin's "Wrestlers," exhibited in London in 1862, and now standing before the Academy in Stockholm. The modelling is sketchy, and the drapery wants decision, a defect accounted for by the sculptor having chiefly worked in wood or ivory, on a scale below life-size. M. Antokolsky was born in 1841, and was educated in the Academy of St. Petersburg. M. Nikolaus Lieberich, a member of the same Academy, is known for small bronzes—animals, hunting groups, &c.; seven of such works were in the last Paris International, many groups we have met with in Russia, and ten more are now in London. This artist has always seemed to us too prolific for improvement; yet "The Dead Roebuck on a Mat" (2634), now at Kensington, is exquisite for detail and modulation; the touch is tender, firm, and true. "Reindeer Sledge" (2631) is a favourite subject. Not so successful, because beyond the sculptor's reach, in composition and treatment, is a complex "Group of Polish

Hussars—the Death of Count Rjevovski, Commander of the Polish Hussars; seventeenth century” (2632). Another worker in bronze was Baron P. Clodt, Professor in the Academy, and sculptor of well-known groups in St. Petersburg. This diligent artist is here represented by no less than sixteen studies, among which stands conspicuous the “Model of the Monument to the Emperor Nicholas” (2540). Like Lieberich, and in common with genre painters who recently have risen into reputation, Baron P. Clodt took a naturalistic turn; accordingly the examples here shown have individual character, literal truth, without much art treatment. “Study of a Mare and Foal,” and other groups lent by the Academy, are closely modelled from nature; the touch is sharp and trenchant. It will be interesting to compare this realistic and comparatively recent phase with the silver and gold work, and also with reproductions from ancient models. Russia has for centuries been famous for her artificers in silver and gold, and the styles adopted range from Byzantine to Finnish and Scandinavian, from Italian classicism to modern naturalism. We do not observe any of the revivals or reproductions of Finnish jewelry which were rightly deemed among the most artistic products in the St. Petersburg Exhibition of 1870.

We must not leave the plastic arts without directing the visitor to the Belgian annexe. Here are the best terra-cotta busts of the year (283, 284). M. Rodin and M. van Rasbourg have a facile, sketchy, staccato way of modelling and incising the clay. Also should be noted humorous and grotesque groups, likewise in terra cotta, by the famous M. Leopold Harzé of Brussels. In the Great Exhibition in Paris crowds gathered around clever scenes in miniature by this caricaturist in clay, taken from Molière, Shakspeare, and Béranger. M. Harzé in the way of grotesque sculpture has no rival; but kindred spirits may be found on the pictorial side of art; the late Herr Hasenclever, sometimes termed the Hogarth of Germany, occasionally indulged in these comic and sarcastic strains. But comedy in sculpture, even when reduced to the scale of statuettes, must necessarily have a restricted range.

In the section of “Metal Work” are several masterpieces, both English and foreign. “The Tennyson Vase; Silver” (2717) is remarkable for fertility of invention, for independence of treatment, for knowledge of the decorative use of the figure. Mr. Armistead, the designer, has just achieved a success in the reliefs on the Albert Memorial. He is one of the very few artists in modern times who, following the steps of Cellini and other versatile masters of the middle ages, can translate ideas into various materials; his art maintains dignity and observes essential law, while it ministers to use or descends into ornament. Like praise cannot be bestowed on the designs of Signor Raphael Monti; a “Silver-Gilt Jug” (2742) is extravagant, the composition is without governing purpose or definite style. Signor Monti in marble has been pretty and *petit*; his famous group, “The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy,” belonged to a school of debilitated romance and emasculated beauty. A style thus wanting in severity and strength naturally degenerates into incoherent mauling when permitted to enjoy its own caprice in the unrestrained sphere of decorative art. Yet Italy and Spain give interesting proof that their children cherish the old traditions, inherit the talents, and practise the arts which in the great historic times were transmitted from father to son. “A Steel, Gold, and Lapis Lazuli Book-cover” (2735) is an elaborate composition, a skilled work of Signor Cortellazzo, an artist some years since discovered and brought into notice by Englishmen who are in sympathy with the new birth, the modern Renaissance, in Italy. A year ago we noticed an important work by this artificer of Northern Italy, contributed by Sir William Drake, to whom the present Exhibition is indebted for further examples. The style has a vigour and originality seldom found in modern Italy; it would seem that in the plains of Lombardy the old fire still slumbers—the fierce Northern spirit, which speaks boldly in the sculptured stones of Verona. Spain, too, is not backward to give signs of renewed life and reanimated talent. Mr. Alfred Morrison has from time to time made us acquainted with damascened works, adapted from Moorish or Renaissance models. The artist, Señor Zuloaga, established near Madrid, revives that national inlay of metals for which the Moors were renowned. We hear that Señor Zuloaga is animated by the enthusiasm and singleness of purpose which belong to genius. Around him he has gathered scholars who share his devotion and lighten his labour. International Exhibitions need not fail of the good ends for which they were instituted if they can thus afford a place of common meeting for the talent which lies scattered too often in neglect over the face of Europe.

“Musical Instruments,” one of the specialties of the year, scarcely fall under our immediate province; when mute they are but mechanism, and when speaking they are discord. They announce their presence in the loudest voice, all at the same time, and within hearing of the same persons. The confusion of tongues has seldom been equalled since the overthrow of Babel. By one of those *contresens* habitual to International efforts, “Jewelry,” another specialty of the year, finds itself located on the spot where the din incident to “the illustration of the art of music” is most deafening. The spectator, as he looks around the much vaunted “Peasant Jewelry,” consisting of head-gear, “hat-buckles,” “hair-pins,” “bodice pendants,” and such like, naturally fancies himself at a village wake made merry by fiddle, fife, and drums. The idea of “peasant jewelry,”

when first started with certain interesting importations from Italy, was not without promise. But all ideas generated at Kensington are hunted to the death; no art receives final justice till it has been exhibited in its last degradation. Such is the philosophy which so-called “peasant jewelry” is made to teach; here are gems which not the poorest woman that walks the street would care to wear. Here too are certain head-dresses from the Black Forest piled on wooden blocks; the beads, sealing-wax, tinsel spangles and base metals, heaped together might fill a bushel; a mid-Lent cake put on a peasant’s head would have as much art as this and other silly monstrosities. Nothing but ill can follow when the British public, who need to be taught better, are told that such art deformities are worthy of regard.

Matters are scarcely improved by the collection of Brummagem jewelry, which occupies seven pages of the Catalogue, priced from 1s. upwards. When to this are added “Clerkenwell Jewelry,” “Ornaments in Jet,” six cases of “Irish Bog-Oak Ornaments,” “British Imitation Jewelry,” “British Cut-Glass Black Jewelry,” and “Cheap Imitation Jewelry from Bavaria,” it will be readily understood that little space remains for works of true art merit. Indeed a leisurely walk up Bond Street yields more art than an uncomfortable crush through the crowd at Kensington. Yet in the mass of so-called international jewelry there is some percentage of good work. It were needless to commend Signor Castellani’s reproductions from Etruscan models. Among English houses Messrs. Hancock stand supreme, in part because other firms keep aloof. Mr. Richard Green shows good workmanship and excellence in design. Taken altogether, however, the collection is a failure; certain portions indeed look like weavings from the ancient and modern jewelry in the adjacent Museum.

It is pleasant to pass from shop products to the room devoted to “reproductions.” A commendable result of International Exhibitions is a “convention” signed in 1867, which commences with the preamble that “throughout the world every country possesses fine historic monuments of art of its own which can easily be reproduced by casts, electrotypes, photographs, and other processes without the slightest damage to the originals.” It often happens that projects which range “throughout the world” end nowhere in particular; still in the present instance “reproductions” are shown which in date extend from the sixth century, and in geographic area embrace India, Russia, and Italy. For example, here are “coloured paper casts” from the mosaics of the sixth century in the church of San Vitale, Ravenna. These historic works have often been made known by outline or otherwise, but never before has each touch been transcribed; in other words, never has each tessera or component cube been copied and reproduced. And yet our modern attempts at mosaic have sometimes failed because the scale of the tesserae or the lines in which they are laid depart from the ancient practice. International Exhibitions will do good service just in proportion as they revert to the historic past, and seek to revive modern art on the basis of principles which experience teaches to be lastingly beautiful and true.

REVIEWS.

GROTE’S ARISTOTLE.*

IN the year 1865, in giving to the world his *Plato and the Companions of Socrates*, Mr. Grote announced his intention of completing the classical labours of his life with a similar review of Aristotle. “If,” he said, “my health and energies continue, I hope one day to complete the present volumes, which contain only one-half of the speculative activity of Hellas during the fourth century B.C. The second half, of which Aristotle is the hero, remains still wanting.” The posthumous volumes now published under the care of Professors Bain and Robertson are the fulfilment of the pledge thus given. That they are only a partial fulfilment cannot be matter of surprise when we recall the advanced age at which the undertaking was promised. Much rather must we admire the freshness of interest and the unclouded mental vigour which are visible throughout this fragment. For a fragment it is, imperfect in both senses, wanting in many integral parts as well as wanting throughout in finish and detail. The pious reverence which was justly due from the literary executors and editors has withheld them from supplying what was omitted, or filling in what was insufficient. Though they have evidently bestowed much care upon the revision of the papers in their hands, they have very properly felt that their duty to Mr. Grote was paramount to any ambition to present a complete exposition of the works of Aristotle. The kind of interest, therefore, which we find in these volumes is derived entirely from their reflection of the character and studies of the venerable author. We can by no means endorse Professor Bain’s opinion that this book “taken altogether is undoubtedly a most important contribution to the history of ancient thought.” It would perhaps be unfair to compare what was intended only as a popular work with Professor Bernays’ essay on the lost writings, in which the inquiry moves in a plane of literary investigation into which Mr. Grote never ascends. But, to take only one of the various expositions of Aristotle in

* *Aristotle*. By George Grote, F.R.S. Edited by Professor Alexander Bain, LL.D. and Professor G. Croom Robertson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1872.

the hands of the modern student, Mr. Grote's work will not bear a comparison with Zeller's volume on the subject, a volume which can be read with equal advantage by the learned and by the general reader.

The modern expositor of Aristotle has to encounter in *limine* a difficulty which does not attend attempts to render Plato intelligible. The general character of the discussions in Plato (there are some exceptions) is that of what we call questions of the day. The Platonic dialogue often runs into the abstract, but it as often returns back to the concrete application of the political, ethical, psychological, or æsthetic question debated. Besides this, the dramatic character of the composition introduces the imagination upon the scene, and assists the apprehension of the reader. On the other hand, the material which the expounder of Aristotle has to render is always the most abstract thought attainable, and couched in the curtest language. Here mere translation is no aid. Paraphrase is little better. Unless the Aristotelian conception can be wholly exchanged for a modern equivalent, it is not explained at all, and had better have been left in the original Greek. And then an expositor who should attempt the last-mentioned method of explanation would often run the risk of substituting a modern mode of thought instead of explaining the Greek original. We might have expected from Mr. Grote's turn of mind that he would have attempted this method of modernizing exposition. But he has not done so. He is content to reproduce the technical terms in their naked unintelligibility, and to speak of Matter, Form, Energy, Potentiality, Actuality, Entelechy; or sometimes of *Materia Prima*, *Materia Ultima*, *Materia Formata*, *Ens*, and *Non Ens*, *Relatum*, and *Hoc Aliquid*, as though the production of these Latin terms was somehow a step on the road towards sense and meaning. It may be said that it is impossible to treat the logical works of Aristotle in any other way than that of bare analysis, or to give any idea of their contents without the use of his own technical terms. This may be so; and then it is not a reason for attempting the analysis, but for letting it alone.

We can scarcely doubt that, had Mr. Grote been able to complete his work, the ethical and political writings of Aristotle would have furnished materials for that kind of delineation of thought in which Mr. Grote peculiarly excelled, and in which he was truly original. It unfortunately happens that he had hardly carried his survey beyond the dry and barren treatises which make up the *Organon*, the commencement of the *Metaphysics*, and the *Treatise on the Soul*. This is precisely that portion of the Aristotelian remains which afforded the least scope for Mr. Grote's special faculty of elucidation. What profit can there be to any class of readers in reading such an exposition as the following? *e.g.* :—

In introducing us to the study of First Philosophy Aristotle begins by clearing up the meaning of the term *Ens*. Of its various significations he enumerates four; 1. *Ens* which is merely concomitant with, dependent upon, or related to another *Ens* as terminus; 2. *Ens* in the sense of the True opposed to *Non Ens* in the sense of the False; 3. *Ens* according to each of the ten categories; 4. *Ens* potentially as contrasted with *Ens* actually. But among these four heads the two last only are matters upon which science is attainable, and to these two Aristotle confines *Ontology* or First Philosophy. They are the only two that have an objective, self-standing, independent nature. That which falls under the first head, *Ens* per accidens, is essentially indeterminate, and its causes being alike indeterminate are out of the reach of science. So also is that which falls under the second head, *Ens tanquam verum*, contrasted with *Non Ens tanquam falsum*. This has no independent standing, but results from an internal act of the judging or believing mind combining two elements or disjoining two elements in a way conformable to or non-conformable to real fact. The true combination or disjunction is a variety of *Ens*; the false combination or disjunction is a variety of *Non Ens*, &c., &c.

We do not say that all this is destitute of meaning, but we think it may fairly be said that its meaning will scarcely be apprehended except by one who is previously initiated into the original Greek text; and for him such an abstract of the original will be superfluous. Yet even amidst this arid waste of the *Organon* there are found spots on which Mr. Grote's fertilizing mind has succeeded in bestowing some of that fresh life which is so exuberant in the *History of Greece*. As one such, we may mention those pages in Chapter XI. in which the axiom of contradiction as the principle of reasoning is tracked from its first germ in Greek thought to its developed enunciation by Aristotle. Another such passage is that part of Chapter X., on the *Sophistici Elenchi*, in which the conduct of discussion and argument by speakers or writers of the day comes under notice. Here the historical element comes in, and here Mr. Grote is at home. It is possible that the comparative excellence of his chapter on the *Sophistici Elenchi* may be partly due to his having had before him Mr. Poste's valuable edition of that treatise. But it must also be ascribed to the greater geniality of the treatise itself, the concluding paragraphs of which have the peculiar interest that in them (as nowhere else) Aristotle almost approaches to speak confidentially of himself and his labours as a discoverer in the science of logic. The interest of the passage may perhaps justify a quotation from Mr. Grote's paraphrase :—

While rhetorical theory has thus been gradually worked up to maturity, the case has been altogether different with Dialectic. In this I [Aristotle] found no basis prepared; no predecessor to follow; no models to copy. I had to begin from the beginning, and to make good the first step myself. The process of syllogizing had never yet been analysed by any one; much less had anything been set forth about the different applications of it in detail. I worked it out for myself without any assistance by long and laborious application. There existed, indeed, paid teachers both in Dialectic and in *Eristic*, but their teaching had been entirely without analysis, or theory, or system. Just as rhetoricians gave to their pupils orations to

learn by heart, so these dialectical teachers gave out dialogues to learn by heart upon those subjects which they thought most likely to become topics of discourse. They thus imparted to their pupils a certain readiness and fluency, but they communicated no art, no rational conception of what was to be sought or avoided, no skill or power of dealing with new circumstances. They proceeded like men who, professing to show how comfortable covering might be provided for the feet, should not teach the pupil to make shoes for himself, but should furnish him with a stock of ready-made shoes, a present valuable for use, but unconnected with any skill as an artificer. The syllogism as a system and theory with precepts founded on that theory for Demonstration and Dialectic has originated first with me. Mine is the first step, and therefore a small one, though worked out with much thought and hard labour; it must be looked at as a first step and judged with indulgence. You, my readers, or hearers of my lectures, if you think that I have done as much as can fairly be required for an initiatory start compared with other more advanced departments of theory, will acknowledge what I have achieved, and pardon what I have left for others to accomplish.—Vol. ii. pp. 132-3.

The distinction referred to in the passage here quoted between Dialectic and Science may be almost said to be the keynote of Mr. Grote's "Aristotle" as we have it in these two volumes. If we complain of Mr. Grote as jejune and unsuggestive when expounding the logic of Science, we find that he becomes himself again as often as he comes across his favourite topic of dialectical debate, the elucidation of which filled so many pages of his "Plato." If it be true, as has been said, that the analysis of demonstrative reasoning has ever been the aim and inspiration of the true logician, the analysis of dialectical debate is the aim and inspiration of Mr. Grote. The way in which he defines and re-defines, describes and re-describes the dialectical process, is not the mere repetition of sheets which he did not revise himself; it is the reiteration of a favourite topic which has risen to perhaps undue importance in his mind. To this fondness for the idea of Dialectic we may perhaps ascribe the fact that Mr. Grote employs it to explain the much debated term "exoteric discourses." Perhaps we ought to apologize to the reader for introducing any mention of a word which, from the Renaissance downwards, has haunted like a spectre the name of Aristotle wherever his works have been the subject of discussion. It was impossible, however, for Mr. Grote either to pass over the word in silence, or to say anything new upon it. By exoteric discourse Aristotle, he says, means the process of noticing and tracing out the doubts or difficulties which beset the subject in hand, along with the different opinions entertained about it either by the vulgar or by individual philosophers, and the various reasons whereby such opinions may be sustained or impugned. We have neither space nor inclination to examine Mr. Grote's reasoning in detail. His disquisition reads extremely meagre when compared with Bernays' exhaustive examination of all the passages. Of some of these passages Mr. Grote seems indeed to have but loosely apprehended the meaning. And it is perhaps owing to the fact that his papers wanted his final revision that he appears to concede in one place (p. 72) the Ciceronian interpretation of the word exoteric, against which he is contending, and that he attributes to Zeller two different opinions on the subject, and both of them erroneously. The fact would seem to be that Mr. Grote's mind was so filled by the rhetorical distinction between Dialectic and Science, or what he, as it seems to us, less correctly calls Philosophy, that this distinction occurred to him as a ready and simple solution of this among other problems.

In Mr. Grote's "Plato" the weakest chapter was that on the Canon of the Platonic writings. The chapter in the present work on the Aristotelian Canon is meagre and unsatisfactory. In the case of Plato, the data for deciding on the genuineness of the dialogues and epistles are comparatively few and simple. The history of the Aristotelian Canon is much more complicated, and the facts and allusions are spread over the vast surface of the later Greek literature. It is true that, after the labours of Rose and Heitz, all the material passages may be considered to be ready prepared and digested for the use of the inquirer. It is easy to see that Mr. Grote is entirely dependent for his authorities on these previous collections. But though freshness and novelty were thus precluded, it was still open to him to have offered a succinct and neatly drawn summary of the existing state of the question. This Mr. Grote does not seem to have attempted. We have instead an imperfect and partial discussion in which only a part of the authorities is presented, and the chief difficulties of the subject are not brought into view. Mr. Grote is of opinion that both the collection of Andronikus (*our Aristotle*) and the Canon of the Catalogue in Diogenes are composed of genuine works of Aristotle; allowing of course for the intrusion into each collection of two or three spurious books. He appears also to adopt the belief, that the more abstruse philosophical works were unknown in the School in the interval between the death of Theophrastus and the edition of Andronikus; but he takes no notice of the long array of argument by which Zeller has attempted to prove that these books were known to the chief Peripatetic philosophers during that period—an argument which may not indeed be convincing, but which is too considerable to be passed over without an answer. Mr. Grote also endorses the opinion that the edition of Andronikus opened up a new phase to the Peripatetic philosophy, and that the loss of the original manuscripts had irreparably impoverished the School in so far as regards the deeper speculations of philosophy during the second and third centuries B.C. But the consideration of the Canon comes to an abrupt end in p. 62, where it merges in the discussion of the term exoteric, and is never again resumed. This no doubt must be again ascribed to the incomplete condition in which Mr. Grote's papers were left. The same cause probably is

the reasonable excuse for minor inaccuracies. *E.g.*, Heitz had noticed that the Diogenes Catalogue assigns only five books to the *Ethics*, and yet that Diogenes himself quotes the *seventh* book. Grote corrects Heitz by saying that seventh (*ἡ τῆς ἡβδαίης τῶν ἠθικῶν*) is only a conjecture of Henry Stephens or Ménage. The reader may ask why is it left doubtful of which of the two? But it is immaterial, for it is a conjecture of neither, *ἡβδαίης* being the reading of the *Éditio Princeps*.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.*

PANTING Time, as Dr. Johnson said of Shakspeare, and panting Space, as he threatened to say, toil after Mr. Browning in vain. Within twelve months he has published three poems of considerable length and not inconsiderable difficulty. *Balaustion*, indeed, though it required and deserved careful study, was both in the translation and in the original framework of the poem perfectly intelligible; and the *Prince of Hohensteil-Schwangau* was perhaps not more perplexing than any other hypothetically subjective history or theory of the Second Empire, as it might have presented itself to the mind of Napoleon III. if, instead of being a conspirator and statesman, he had been an analytic and somewhat fanciful philosopher. *Fifine* is the most enigmatic of all Mr. Browning's works, with the exception of *Sordello*; but it has the advantage over the earlier poem, although both are written in cipher, of containing the key, if indeed there be a key, within itself. Neither *Œdipus* nor *Daniel* could have interpreted *Sordello*, unless they had consulted the same books, whatever they may be, from which Mr. Browning must have derived his knowledge of an obscure passage in Italian history; but a reader who should combine the energy of youth with the tolerance of age, and the sagacious industry of Scaliger or Bentley with the microscopic acuteness of a modern German metaphysician, might perhaps after ten readings comprehend the purpose and the language of *Fifine*. Even to the ordinary student, after long attention, the poem seems to assume something of a definite shape, but the discovery is less certain than the result of Alastor's similar efforts in the Egyptian temple, who

Through the long burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes; nor when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task; but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration.

The vacant mind of the reader of *Fifine* is not solaced in the meantime by any metrical charm, for the poem is composed in lumbering rhymed Alexandrines, with the occasional variety of a line of fourteen syllables —

Which like a badly wounded snake drags its slow length along.

Yet, in spite of all the drawbacks to enjoyment which are wilfully interposed, the subtle and profound genius of Mr. Browning encourages and partially rewards apparently hopeless toil. It is his pleasure to follow in the plan of his poem the casual associations of a kind of meditative day dream, until, passing into an actual dream as it is conventionally represented in poetry, he composes one of those symbolic allegories which are unknown to the sleep of real life. An ingenious and loquacious personage occupies the entire poem with a monologue, except that his wife Elvire, whom he is addressing, is allowed to speak to the extent of three or four lines in the whole. The rest of her thoughts are intercepted or anticipated by her philosophic husband, after the fashion of the actor who, in the unexpected absence of his comrade, performed the dialogue of Brutus and Cassius alone, with the aid of a silent interlocutor. "Don't interrupt me, Cassius," he continued, when he had finished his speech in the character of Brutus; "I know what you would say"; and then he proceeded to deliver the proper answer to himself, until he resumed the cue of Brutus. So the protagonist in *Elvire*, adding gentle force to vocal predominance, tells his wife, when she wishes to express her opinions for herself:—

"Do I say, like Elvire?"

(Your husband holds you fast,

Will have you listen, learn your character at last)

"Do I say . . . ?"

And then for forty lines the poor lady is compelled to hear what she would say, though she probably never thought of saying it. At one time the speaker gives her the comforting assurance that he has nearly done; but Elvire had not, like the reader, the opportunity of seeing that there were still fifty pages left. She was, in fact, only on the verge of the long allegorical dream.

Fifine, who gives her name to the poem, is the dancing girl of a travelling mountebank's show, which visits a fair at Pornic on the coast of Brittany, and the reflections which she directly or indirectly suggests to the husband of Elvire occupy the volume of nearly two thousand lines. She and her troop represent, among other things, the lawless or abnormal element of life; and by a natural transition, the inalienable independence of every separate personality. It is a plausible theory that every person is capable of discharging better than any other person some function which may by a combination of circumstances become for a moment the highest, as one grain of sand among a million may at a given angle most directly reflect the sun:—

No creature's made so mean
But that some way it boasts, could we investigate.

Its supreme worth ; fulfils by ordinance of fate
Its momentary task, gets glory all its own,
Tastes triumph in the world, pre-eminent, alone.
Where is the single grain of sand, mid millions heaped
Confusedly on the beach, but, did we know, has leaped,
Or will leap, would we wait, if the century, some once
To the very throne of things? Earth's brightest for the nonce,
When sunshine shall impinge on just that grain's facet
Which fronts him fullest, first, returns his ray with jet
Of promptest praise, thanks God best in Creation's name.

If so, Fifine herself, "the Pariah of the North, the European Nautch," may perhaps also have her place in creation, and even her apology:—

Well then, thus much confessed, what wonder if there steal
Unchallenged to my heart the force of one appeal
She wakes, and justice stamp the sole claim she asserts?
So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts
To tell her, whose words are a crime less than how grace, avowed.
To me that silent pose and prayer proclaimed aloud
"Know all of me outside, the rest be emptiness
For such as you. I call attention to my dress,
Coiffure, outlandish features, and memorable limbs,
Piquant entreaty, all that eye-glance overskins.
Does this much pleasure? Then repay the pleasure—put
The price in the tambourine. Do you seek farther? Tut!
I'm just my instrument—sound hollow, mere smooth skin
Stretched o'er gilt framework, I rub-dub, nought else within
Always for such as you. If I have use elsewhere,
If certain bells, now mute, can jingle, need you care?
Be it enough, there's truth in the pleading, which comports
With no word spoken out in colleges or courts,
Since all I plead is, "Pay for just the sight you see,
And give no credit to another charm in me."

Elvire, as her husband with much probability anticipates, entirely declines to share in his tolerant views, and complains in language which he puts into her mouth that he

"In short prefers to me, chaste, temperate, serene,
What sputters green and blue, this faggot called Fifine."
So all your sex misfak—strange that so plain a fact
Should raise such dire debate. Few families were racked
by torture self-supplied did Nature grant but this,
That women comprehend mental analysis.

Which certainly Nature has seldom granted; and the not infrequent soundness of simple intuition is illustrated by the ultimately suspicious departure of the philosophic apologist to visit Fifiue; yet this apparent irregularity is only a symbol of an interest in earthly things which is not incompatible with the higher yearnings expressed in the graceful prologue and in the solemn grotesqueness of the epilogue. The fancy for Fifiue is merely the typical and wholesome pleasure of

One, who in the world
Both lives, and likes life's way,
Nor wishes the wings unfurled
That sleep in the worm, they say

Elvire herself, in some parts of the poem, becomes only a half-imaginary personification of practical life and morality, while elsewhere she is as an ordinary woman equally serviceable in her natural character for the poet's purpose. In one part of his devious disquisition the Pornic sage finds occasion to explain why he would rather influence women than men. To please a masculine audience he would think it expedient to profess himself one of the multitude, and only the exponent of their collective wisdom, while with women it is better for a man to make the most of himself, and even to assume fictitious excellences. Arion, whose dolphin was, it seems, a type of woman, is well known to have dressed himself in his purple robe when he struck the harp on the prow:—

So, standing on the bench o' the ship, let voice expend
Thy soul, sing, unalloyed by manner mode, thine own,
The Orthian lay; then leap from music's lofty throne
Into the lowest surge, make fearlessly thy launch.
Whatever storm may threaten, some dolphin will be staunch
Whatever roughness rage, some exquisite sea-thing
Will surely rise to save, will bear, palpitating,
One proud humility of love beneath its load,
Stem tide, part wave, till both roll on the jewelled road
Of triumph, and the grim o' the gulph grow wonder-white
I' the phosphoreous wake; and still the exquisite
Sea-thing stems on, aches still, palpitatingly thus
Lands safe at length its load of love at Tanarus
True woman-creature.

It might have been thought that the use of the word palpitating with the accent and the rhyme on the last syllable was irritating enough without the introduction, six lines later, of the barbarous adjective palpitatively; but, as usual, Mr. Browning is utterly reckless of the shocks which he inflicts on the educated ear. If it suits his purpose, he has no hesitation in putting into a kind of technical doggerel the details of musical mechanism:—

The augmented sixth resolved, from out the straighter range
Of D sharp minor—leap of disimprisoned thrall—
Into thy light and life, D major natural.

The celebrated invocation to "Inoculation, Heavenly Maid," was comparatively poetical. At one point the soliloquist, suspecting on insufficient grounds that his language is too plain and articulate, proceeds to explain his meaning to himself by playing Schumann's *Carnival of the piano*. The exertion lulls him to sleep, and consequently enables him to construct an allegorical dream, something after the fashion of Shelley's most unreadable poem, *The Triumph of Life*. The dreamer is perhaps more consecutive in his thoughts asleep than awake. The curious student must be referred to the poem for the text of the allegory, and to his own ingenuity for the explanation; yet he may take with him the comforting assurance that it has a secondary or symbolic

* *Fifine at the Fair.* By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

meaning, and the hint that, though Mr. Browning is no disciple of Comte, his dream has the Positivist object of justifying the existence of all things as they are. It may be conjectured that he, or rather the discursive personage who is for the time his mouth-piece, regards with scepticism some modern theories of science which he inaccurately calls Philosophy:—

Alack, Philosophy!

Despite the chop and change, diminished or increased,
Patched up and plastered o'er, Religion stands at least
I the Temple-type—But thou? Here gaze I, all agog,
These thirty years, to learn how tadpole turns to frog;
And thrice at least have gazed with mild astonishment,
As, skyward up and up, some fire-new fabric sent
Its challenge to mankind that, clustered underneath,
They hear the word, and straight believe, ay, in the teeth
Of the Past, clap hands and hail triumphant Truth's outbreak,
Tadpole-frog theory propounded past mistake.
In vain! A something ails the edifice, it bends,
It bows, it buries

No—the one voice which failed

Never, the preachment's coign of vantage nothing ailed,
That had the luck to lodge i' the house not made with hands,
And all it preached was this—"Truth builds upon the sands,
Though stationed on a rock; and so her work decays,
And so she builds again with like result."

The doctrine of development by natural selection is caricatured in a neat epigram:—

Man's instincts still attest

Promotion comes to Sense, because Sense likes it best:
For bodies sprouted legs through a desire to run,
While hands, when fain to filch, got fingers one by one.

There is perhaps little use in quoting detached passages from a work of which the general design is but approximately conjectured. Whether Mr. Browning is aesthetically justified in framing elaborate riddles which drive ordinary readers to despair in language which occasionally rises into poetry, and sometimes descends into a jargon little better than slang, is a question of literary morality which is not to be hastily solved:—

Are we not here to learn the good of peace through strife,
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?

Undoubtedly the puzzled and angry critic, striving with the intricate perplexities of *Fifine*, involuntarily finds himself liking what he approached with a feeling akin to hate; and as he inevitably begins with baffling ignorance, it may be hoped that he sometimes emerges into a glimmering of knowledge. From the first he finds that the discords which jar upon his ear and his judgment have a relation to art; and that the connexion of desultory passages is to be traced, if at all, by an imaginative clue. The stimulus to thought is in itself valuable, as a difficult or inaccessible Alpine summit furnishes an attraction to mountain climbers. The great majority of readers, who may think the discovery of the meaning of *Fifine* not worth the labour, may nevertheless find gratification in the Prologue and Epilogue, both of which probably bear some kind of relation to the main poem. The Epilogue, which also bears the title of "The Householder," is, with the exception of the last scene in the Second Part of *Faust*, an almost solitary attempt to apply a humorous treatment to Death; yet nothing can be more earnest than the figurative expression of impatience to have done with life. The assumption that personal recognition after death is not a doctrine to be asserted, but a familiar matter of course, gives to the little poem a reality worthy of Dante. There is nothing novel in the utterance of the feeling which

Counts Death kind Nature's signal for retreat;

but in "The Householder" the signal has long before been eagerly expected, and it is the more welcome because it is conveyed by "a certain soul, which early slipped its sheath," and which, in the Prologue wears the Psyche wings of the butterfly, associated perhaps with the image of the "half angel and half bird" who was invoked in the *Ring and the Book*. The householder is the discontented lodger in a house which is the body or earthly life. The gentle protest of the woman-spirit in favour of propriety and decorum is admirably dramatic:—

Savage, I was sitting in my house, late, lone
Dreary, weary with the long day's work:
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone:
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk;
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we—
"What, and is it really you again?" quoth I.
"I again; what else did you expect?" quoth She.

"Never mind, hie away from this old house,
Every crumbling brick embrown'd with sin and shame.
Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes arouse—
Let them, every devil of the night, lay claim.
Make and mend, rap and rend, for me—Good bye!
God be their guard from disturbance at their glee,
Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a heap," quoth I.
"Nay, but there's a decency required," quoth She.

"Ah, but if you knew how time has dragged, days, nights,
All the neighbour talk with man and maid—such men!
All the fuss and trouble of street sounds, window sights;
All the worry of flapping door and echoing roof; and then
All the fancies. . . . Who were they had leave, dared try
Darker arts that almost struck despair in me!
If you knew but how I dwelt down here!" quoth I.
"And was I so better off up there?" quoth She.

"Help and get it over! Reunited to his wife.
(How draw up the paper lets the parish people know?)

Lies M. or N. departed from this life,

Day the this or that, month and year the so and so.

What's the way of final flourish? Prose, verse? Try!

Affliction sore long time he bore, or what is it to be?

Till God did please to grant him ease—Do end," quoth I.

"I end with—Love is all and Death is nought," quoth She.

BALDWIN'S ANCIENT AMERICA.*

THE theory of primæval barbarism is certainly at present in the ascendant. It is embraced by the best and soundest judges, and of those who dispute it several, and some of the most successful, are evidently influenced less by purely scientific reasons than by the supposed interests of revealed or natural religion; they object to believe that the first men were savages, from the same motives that make them resent the doctrine that the fathers of the first men were apes. *A priori* reasoning certainly seems to support the obnoxious view, and history and archaeology have of late been pressed into the same service, as we think with less justice. Their evidence may fairly be impugned on the ground of an obvious and inevitable bias; for barbarism has no history, and leaves no monuments. But, such as the evidence is—flint tools in the drift, Swiss lake villages, and Danish shell-heaps ("kitchen middens") notwithstanding—it appears to be on the side of primitive civilization. That is to say, we have evidences of civilizations as old as or older than the oldest barbarisms, unless we accept the flint tools found in deep-buried gravel as the oldest relics of humanity, and clear proofs of barbarism. There is no recorded instance of a civilization spontaneously developed out of previous barbarism; perhaps there hardly could be. There are everywhere proofs that civilization has perished or degenerated; instances in which regions now desolate or half-civilized have been the seats of highly-organized empires and cultivated races; monuments of civilizations that have utterly vanished from the face of the earth, and even from the memory of tradition. Of the later ages of the Assyrian and Egyptian empires we have what may be contemporary notices in the Hebrew Scriptures; but their monuments prove the existence of powerful monarchies, highly organized societies, a very advanced state of some at least of the arts, and a certain knowledge of science, with a vast accumulation of material wealth, ages before the beginning of the oldest history. In Greece, the walls of Mycenæ indicate that before the time of Homer Peloponnesus had been occupied by a race capable of building fabrics which to the contemporaries of Homer appeared supernatural, whose memory was lost in Homer's time; and the ascription of the walls of Troy to divine architects suggests the probability that the same or a similar race may have perished out of Phrygia before the date assigned to Agamemnon. Such relics as these, in the absence of machinery, imply a dense population, a productive agriculture, a powerful government, an accumulated wealth sufficient to support a heavy burden of unproductive labour. The civilizations of India and China claim to date back as far as that of Egypt herself—whatever may be the value of their claim. And not only in the Old World do we find barbarism more modern than civilization. Over regions which at the period of the discovery of America were occupied, and had been occupied for centuries, by savage hunters, destitute of every vestige of culture, with no arts beyond the rudest cultivation of the maize and the manufacture of stone arrowheads and pipes, are found the remains of a civilized people; and in Yucatan, Mexico, and throughout Central America there exist still mightier ruins—the relics of a prouder empire and a higher culture than those of Montezuma. The Aztecas in the South, the Iroquois and Algonquins in the North, had settled on the graves of a perished civilization which both were incapable of appreciating. Much less is commonly known of these monuments than of those of the Eastern hemisphere, the one or two important works which have been written on these subjects not being generally accessible to European readers, though known of course to students; and we therefore welcome the volume in which Mr. Baldwin endeavours to popularize the information collected by others, and to familiarize both his countrymen and ours with the buried relics and crumbling monuments of ancient America.

There is a considerable resemblance in all these monuments; the habit of mound-building, of erecting vast piles of earth as the foundation of buildings, belonging both to the nameless aborigines of the Ohio and to the predecessors and neighbours of the Aztecas. The truncated pyramid is a favourite form with both, as it must be with all earth-builders. And relics found in the mounds, both North and South, indicate that their builders were worshippers of the sun, as were the Peruvians and most of the peoples of Central America. But the most marked peculiarity of the Northern monuments is wanting to the Southern. The former are almost exclusively earthen; very few stone walls, and we believe not one stone building, are to be found among them; whereas the mounds of Yucatan and Mexico serve only as the foundation of stone temples, towers, and dwellings. It is a natural conclusion that the Mound-builders, as they are called, of North America, did not use stone, perhaps because they settled chiefly on vast alluvial tracts where wood was very abundant and stone difficult to obtain. They have left, however, earthworks which have no parallel elsewhere. These are chiefly of two classes, mounds and enclosures. The

* *Ancient America; or, Notes on American Archaeology.* By John D. Baldwin, A.M., Author of "Prehistoric Nations." With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1872.

former, chiefly of the pyramidal, but also of various other forms, range from 2,800 feet in circumference downwards, and are from six to ninety feet in height, but generally not exceeding thirty. Some of them, especially in Wisconsin, are in the form of animals. The enclosures are chiefly square or circular, shaped with a mathematical correctness which indicates considerable geometrical skill on the part of their builders, and fenced by vast and solid earthworks, which appear to have been meant for fortifications. In one case there is a square inscribed in a circle; in others, a vast square or oblong has had circular or square enclosures of smaller extent added on, as if the town or camp within had grown too large for its inhabitants. The mounds may have been intended as the foundations of temples or watch-towers; the former especially, as the builders appear to have worshipped the sun and moon, and may naturally have placed their shrines where neither forest trees nor sloping grounds would impede the first view of the rising luminaries. The settlements of this people appear to have their centre in the valley of the Ohio, but spread all along the course of the Mississippi, and through the greater part of the South and North-west.

They must have been an agricultural people, because only agriculture would support a population congregated in such numbers as these monuments imply, and furnish the means of employing a considerable portion of that population in unproductive works. They must have had a highly organized government, to have been able to collect large masses of labour for public objects; but, in the absence of massive palaces and temples, it may be that they did not live under the same unsparing despotism which rendered possible the monuments of Assyria and Egypt, and perhaps of Central America. But the nature of their monuments leaves this point absolutely uncertain. They had acquired the art of mining; for copper of the peculiar character of that found native on the banks of Lake Superior has been dug from their mounds, and extensive mining works are traced in that copper region, in which some of their tools, and the rollers on which they conveyed vast masses of metal, are also found. As no mounds are to be seen in that part of the States, it is supposed that no settlements were formed there, but that mining expeditions went there for the summer, and returned in winter. Water affords the only probable means of conveying large quantities of copper for the great distances they had to traverse; and the large masses found in their works imply their possession of vessels very much superior to the canoes of their successors. They had copper tools, and some silver utensils. They possessed the art of making pottery, and some vessels of perfect shape and superior ornamentation are found in their enclosures, and figured in this volume. They seem to have understood weaving, for fragments of cloth are found among the pottery. They perhaps knew something of astronomy, for a curious tube found in one mound exactly resembles one with which a silver figure discovered in Mexico appears to be observing the heavens. Of writing or sculpture there are no traces, and hardly could be any, seeing that no stonework is discovered, unless the so-called "Pictured Rocks" are relics of the Mound-builders.

The remains of a former civilization in Central America are of two classes; those which belong to the Aztecas, Quiches, and other races still in possession when the Spaniards landed, and those which were then ruins, and which clearly belong to an older and superior architecture. To the former comparatively little interest attaches; their history is to be found in the writings of the conquerors, and they add but little to our knowledge of the conquered. But there are ruined castles, temples, and cities which were ruins overgrown with forest when the Spaniards landed, and which seem to have belonged to an age long anterior to that of the Aztec dominion. The ruins of Palenque are assigned by antiquaries to a period many centuries prior to the Christian era, and of course it is not only possible, but probable, that the city had stood for centuries before its overthrow. The masonry, the ornamentation, sculpture, and mosaics of these ruins appear to be far superior to anything of which the later occupants were capable; and in some cases where a later building is erected on the foundations of an older one, the difference in strength and solidity, as well as in style, is such as to leave little doubt that they were not the work of the same people. In Central America, then, as well as in the United States, there remain the relics of a civilization of which the very memory seems to have perished. The inscriptions of some of the former, if they should prove decipherable, may throw some light upon their history; the more probably that manuscripts of a somewhat similar character, though of recent date, appear to be still extant; of the Mound-builders we can hardly hope to know more than we do at present.

On the age of the latter much curious speculation has been bestowed, of which Mr. Baldwin gives his readers a very indiscriminate account, wasting much space on wild speculations respecting the imaginary island of Atlantis, and which it is lost time to discuss. But thus much seems to be ascertained. The mounds, and the whole region in which they lie, have been utterly overgrown with forest, and several generations of trees, some of them very old, have grown and perished since the Mound-builders were finally banished or exterminated from their towns and temples, their enclosures and their mines. The forests are supposed by good judges to indicate a space of from eight to ten centuries, and no one can tell how many more, since the disappearance of those who cultivated the land and covered it with fenced cities. Skeletons found in the mounds, in dry situations and in a favourable climate, have almost universally crumbled

away, and scarcely a single skull is to be found in as good condition as that of the great majority of skeletons dug up in Europe under conditions not more favourable to their preservation after a period which cannot be less than 2,000 years. It is therefore assumed that these skeletons must have lain there more than 2,000 years, and probably very much more. Finally, the surface of the country has greatly altered since the Mound-builders disappeared. Some of their works have been destroyed by streams which now flow through a channel half a mile distant. And one local feature, if we can rely on its evidence, implies a yet greater antiquity than could be inferred from any of the preceding facts. The Mound-builders especially settled in the valleys of the greater rivers and along their tributaries. These have left several successive terraces along their course, as they ate their way deeper and deeper into the earth. Each terrace marks the lapse of ages, and the last must, says Mr. Baldwin, have occupied the longest time of all in its formation. Now this terrace alone is wholly free from the works of the Mound-builders; and if it be a correct assumption that it did not exist in their time, that time must be assigned to a period indefinitely remote. Without pledging ourselves to any opinion on these points, we can hardly deny that there are plausible reasons for believing the perished civilization of America to be at least as old as the comparative barbarisms whose remains have been dug out from Danish morasses and Swiss lake shores.

Mr. Baldwin has, as we have mentioned, quoted and discussed at needless length certain absurd speculations about Atlantis, too unfounded for refutation, and too worthless to be of interest even as mere conjectures. He shows, moreover, an occasional tendency to accept over-credulously the legendary accounts of classical and mediæval visits to the Western world. But these have a legitimate place in such a volume, if the reader be fairly warned that they are not to be regarded as contemporary and trustworthy narrative; they show that floating traditions of the existence of a trans-oceanic land were rife in the minds both of Phœnician and of Scandinavian adventurers, and that the visits of one or the other to its shores are possibilities, though for us they never can be more. Whether the now ruined cities of Yucatan really were seen by Tyrian mariners, and furnished the basis for the story of Diodorus Siculus, no one can ever know; but the thing is so far within the limits of possibility as to afford fair subject for imaginative speculation. It is certainly a curious fact that about the time of which Diodorus speaks there really did exist "many days' sail from Libya westward" such cities and such a country as he describes; and that if Tyrian seamen had been driven thither, they would have seen much what they are said to have seen. But if they had, would no attempt have been made to repeat their voyage and verify their alleged discovery? The story, again, of a continent buried beneath the Atlantic may be true. But if the thing ever occurred, it must have been utterly forgotten ages before Plato wrote of it. Is it not possible that the West Indies or Florida furnished the suggestion of Atlantis, and that the supposed Paradise disappeared, not beneath, but beyond, the ocean—no subsequent adventurer being bold or fortunate enough to retrace the path which had led one tempest-tossed vessel to those shores? There is enough of plausibility in such conjectures to render them attractive; not the less so, perhaps, that they must remain conjectures for ever. Few persons probably will read Mr. Baldwin's book without being diverted for a moment into some such train of speculation, more interesting perhaps, and not more baseless, than many of those which the author has thought fit to present to his readers.

IN A GLASS DARKLY.*

MR. LE FANU, having written some four or five foolish and vulgar ghost stories, presents them to the world as belonging to "metaphysical speculation," or "religious metaphysics," or "metaphysical medicine." He informs us that he has the stories from "the immense collection of papers" left by Dr. Martin Heeselius, a man whose "knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition." Happily for the non-scientific world, the Doctor "writes in two distinct characters." As Mr. Le Fanu says:—

He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door to the light of day, or through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art, and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.

As for "the analysis, diagnosis, and illustration," and "the force and originality of genius," with which they are made, we must take Mr. Le Fanu's word; of course we have no opportunity given us of judging. But when he asks us to believe, after we have read through the stories, that the learned Doctor "describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might," here at least we are able to exercise our own judgment. If Mr. Le Fanu can find readers so silly as to delight in all the horrors, as senseless as they are coarse, which he here serves up to them, he is welcome. But at all events let him not, while pretending to praise an imaginary author, have the assurance to claim for himself that he "describes as an intelligent layman might." It may be, however, that Mr. Le Fanu's readers look upon every one as intelligent who

* *In a Glass Darkly.* By J. Sheridan Le Fanu, Author of "Uncle Silas," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

uses words beyond their comprehension. A man must needs be intelligent, for instance, who writes of "the lumen of the eyes," or of the "odyle and magnetic influence of the moon," who is quite familiar with "the primary distinction between the subjective and the objective," and speaks not of Brussels, but of "Bruxelles lace." Nevertheless, Mr. Le Fanu would have shown a little more modesty, and quite as much intelligence, if he had allowed his readers to find out his great powers for themselves, and had not added to his work a preface which is in fact a puff of himself. It is idle, we fear, to expect that Mr. Le Fanu will give up his ghosts and goblins, his gallows and coffins, his murderers and vampires, and his spectral forms, whether they come in the shape of a "small monkey, perfectly black, with a character of malignity—unfathomable malignity," or whether they come in the shape of "a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat, and that continued toing and froing (*sic*) with the lithe, sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage." There are some writers, indeed, who, ever dealing in horrors, yet are excused for their bad taste on account of the morbidity of their imagination. Before we can allow, however, Mr. Le Fanu to plead that his imagination is morbid, we shall require him to prove that he has, properly speaking, any imagination at all. In the most ignorant and debased of savage tribes there could scarcely be found an old woman who could not tell stories as full of childish horrors as Mr. Le Fanu's, and tell them in language that was at all events intelligible. Some of the mountain tribes of India believe in ghosts who reside in trees, and who are only to be propitiated by a dance being executed round the tree in which they reside. "Among the more superstitious tribes," we read in the *Annals of Rural Bengal*, "it is customary for each family to dance round every single tree, in order that they may not by any chance omit the one in which their god may be residing." Now, if any one man first struck out the thought that a ghost resided in a tree and required to be propitiated by a round dance, he indeed might justly lay claim to some amount of imagination. But when generation after generation had thus propitiated these ghosts, we should just as soon think of attributing imagination to a savage whom we found dancing round his hundredth tree as to Mr. Le Fanu, who, following in the track probably of his old nurse or of Mrs. Radcliff, is bringing in his hundredth spectre. Any one, if he were put to it, could find enough imagination to make up a story with the churchyard materials which Mr. Le Fanu delights to use, though it is not every one who, having performed this easy feat, would proceed to write a preface in praise of his own intelligence.

Mr. Le Fanu evidently thinks that in such imaginative works as his claim to be, the best way to win his reader's belief is to follow De Foe in his circumstantiality. Unfortunately, however, though he shows no imagination in his fiction, he shows a good deal of imagination in his facts, and while pretending to deal minutely with bygone days, proves at once that his ignorance of them is complete. His study of literature began, we should imagine, with the first novel that he wrote. The pelican, we are told, feeds her young on food which she plucks from her own breast. Mr. Le Fanu, on the contrary, would seem to feed the later offspring of his brain on sustenance solely derived from his first-born. We ought not, however, to fail to do him the justice of admitting that he now and then introduces a Latin word which suggests a certain acquaintance with the Latin Grammar, and a fine-sounding phrase which suggests a certain acquaintance with the *Daily Telegraph*. Like the editor of that paper, moreover, he has a great command over the moon, and in one of his stories passes with extraordinary rapidity from a night that is bright with moonlight to the next that is as dark as pitch. The scene of one of his stories is laid in the year 1794. It is certainly somewhat strange to find that in that year, of all years, a gentleman who was suffering from "depression, misery, and excitement," was advised "to try a short tour on the Continent," and went by way of Dover to Calais. It was not exactly the year in which a cure for excitement was to be looked for in France, or in which "a crowd of idlers stood upon the jetty at Calais to receive the packet." We are willing to forgive Mr. Le Fanu for the improbability of the ghost who was among the idlers, and who, Englishman, or rather English ghost, that he was, yet talked in "a broad provincial patois." We should be curious to learn, by the way, what *patois* is not provincial. Mr. Le Fanu may bring in his ghosts where he pleases, and when he pleases, and may make them talk even in the peculiar language which he writes, but he must not be allowed without rebuke to show an ignorance of modern history of which a writer of school histories might well be ashamed. In one of the stories, along with the spectre of the black monkey with the "unfathomable malignity," we have cabs and omnibuses. Now, though we think that the old women from whom alone, till we came across Mr. Le Fanu's writings, we had heard of such spectres, had sense enough to place them in far earlier times, yet we shall let him, if he pleases, take his monkey spectre into what he calls a 'bus. Nevertheless, if his story requires that 'busses and cabs and monkey spectres shall come together, we have a right to insist that he shall not pretend that his story was written quite so far back as "about sixty-four years ago." Even Dr. Hesselius, though "his knowledge was immense, and his grasp of a case was an intuition," can scarcely be allowed in the year 1808 to have known of a 'bus. Perhaps, however, the prophetic knowledge or intuition which he showed in this matter may have been a part of the "metaphysical speculation," or "religious metaphysics," for which he was so famous.

As for the five stories contained in these three volumes, there is

not one of them which is not hopelessly absurd. The hero of the first tale, a country vicar haunted by the black monkey, cuts his throat with a razor. The hero of the second, haunted by the ghost who at one time spoke "the provincial patois," and at another time apparently took the shape of an owl, was killed in his bed by this most intrusive apparition. In the third story an old judge of the last century, after hanging the husband of his mistress, gets tried in a ghostly court, and is at last found hanged himself. Ever since, "this direful old man," the judge, has haunted a house in Westminster, carrying "in his ringed and ruffled hand a coil of rope." These three stories fill up the first volume, with the help of such extracts from "metaphysical medicine" as the following:—

So soon as the spirit-action has established itself in the case of one patient, its developed energy begins to radiate, more or less effectually, upon others.

The fourth story, which is the longest, contains some horrors in Mr. Le Fanu's best style. The hero is made, without knowing it, to order his own grave and his own coffin. He is thrown into a kind of trance, in which, though he cannot move, he yet knows all that is going on. He is laid in the coffin, and hears very distinctly "the working of a turn-screw, and the crunching home of screws in succession. Than these vulgar sounds," he remarks in Mr. Le Fanu's best style, "no doom spoken in thunder could have been more tremendous." Happily, before the noble murderers could make off with the 30,000*l.* which the hero, after the fashion of young Englishmen, had taken with him on his first visit to Paris, they were surprised. The hero is let out of the coffin, becomes "a sadder if not a wiser man," and has "deep reason to be thankful to the all-merciful Ruler of events for an early and terrible lesson in the ways of sin."

Our readers will have had enough by this time of Mr. Le Fanu's stories, and may be thankful to be spared an account of the most foolish and the most offensive of all his tales—that, namely, of the Vampire. When an author has the grave opened of a person who had been buried one hundred and fifty years, and describes how "the leaden coffin floated with blood, in which, to a depth of seven inches, the body lay immersed," we are, we think, more than justified in declining to analyse his silly and miserable story. We should hope that this time he will find that he has miscalculated the taste of the subscribers to the seaside lending libraries, for whom he probably writes. They will no doubt stand a good deal, but possibly Dr. Martin Hesselius and his raw-head and bloody-bones horrors will prove too much even for their powers of endurance.

MUIR'S ORIGINAL SANSKRIT TEXTS.*

THE publication of these volumes has been somewhat irregular, and the fourth of the five volumes yet remains to be issued. Each volume treats of a distinct subject, and in fact constitutes a separate work; so that, although we have already (September 10, 1870) reviewed Vol. V., which dealt with Comparative Mythology, we now propose to notice another volume of the series. The first edition of the work was issued from fifteen to twenty years ago, but the second edition has been so greatly extended as to be almost a new work. An ardent student of Sanskrit during the years of his service in India, Dr. Muir has also been a liberal promoter of the spread of knowledge among the Hindus. Impressed with the belief that the Hindu system can be most successfully attacked by a demonstration of the weakness, insufficiency, and inconsistency of the writings upon which it is professedly founded, he has laboured hard to lay open the doctrines recorded in those writings, he has given liberal prizes to encourage others in the same course, he has munificently endowed a Professorship of Sanskrit in the University of Edinburgh, and now in the autumn of life he has reissued these volumes, the fruits of many a year of research and study. With the results of his own researches he has incorporated the opinions of his chief fellow-labourers in the same field of inquiry, and has brought together all the most important and authoritative writings, both Indian and European, upon the subjects of which he treats.

In the present article we shall confine our attention to the first volume, which notices the Mythical Accounts of the Creation of Man and of the Origin of the Four Castes. Of the portions which relate to the creation of man little need be said. They are interesting, and indeed important, to those who desire to study the rise and progress of Hindu belief and doctrine; but there is little in them to attract the attention of the general reader, or even to demand the study of the philosopher. It is different with the system of caste. How this great institution arose, developed, and spread, and how deeply and variously it has influenced the fortunes and decided the character of a large and most intelligent portion of the human race, are questions of primary importance in the history of man.

The oldest writings of the Hindus—the Hymns of the Rig Veda—whatever be their age, whether to be counted by hundreds, or by more than two thousand years anterior to the Christian era, represent the forefathers of this great branch of the Aryan race

* *Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion, and Institutions.* Collected, translated, and illustrated by J. Muir, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. I.—Mythical and Legendary Accounts of the Origin of Caste, with an Inquiry into its Existence in the Vedic Age. Second Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

as a pastoral people, dwelling upon the banks of the Five Rivers, and worshipping the personified elements. That they were an incursive people, and had made their way thither from the westward, hardly admits of any reasonable doubt, though it has been questioned. These primitive hymns of the Rig have been diligently searched, and in only one of them is there any mention or indication of caste. This hymn, called the *Purusha sukta*, celebrates the sacrifice of the *purusha*, or male, by the gods; and from the position assigned to it in the ritual of a later Veda, it was probably used in the celebration of human sacrifices. The immolation of human beings would seem to have been actually practised in the Vedic period, but to have subsequently assumed a symbolical character, men being bound to the sacrificial posts, while animals were slain as vicarious sacrifices. This hymn thus describes the sacrifice of *Purusha* :—

When (the gods) divided *Purusha*, into how many parts did they cut him up? What was his mouth? what arms had he? what two objects are said (to have been) his thighs and feet? The *Brāhman* was his mouth; the *Rājanya* was made his arms; the being (called) the *Vaiśya*, he was his thighs; the *Sūdra* sprang from his feet. The moon sprang from his soul (*manas*); the sun from his eye; *Indra* and *Agni* from his mouth; and *Vāyu* from his breath. From his navel arose the air; from his head the sky; from his feet the earth; from his ear the (four) quarters; in this manner the gods formed the worlds.

This agrees essentially with the generally accepted belief that the *Brāhman* sprang from the mouth, the *Kshatriya* from the arms, the *Vaiśya* from the thighs, and the *Sūdra* from the feet of *Brāhmā*, the *prajāpati* or progenitor of the human race. It symbolizes the wisdom which was to guide, the valour to defend, the strength to support, and the labour to serve the body politic. This hymn is to all appearance the source from which all the myths respecting the origin of caste had their origin. So if the hymn can be classed among the most ancient, the institution of caste must have existed previously to the oldest records of the Hindu race. But all European scholars who have considered the subject agree, with few exceptions, that it is of later date. Colebrooke, one of the earliest and yet one of the most profound of our Sanskrit scholars, who first penetrated the mystery in which the Vedas were shrouded, gave it as his opinion that

That remarkable hymn is in language, metre, and style very different from the rest of the prayers with which it is associated. It has a decidedly more modern tone; and must have been composed after the Sanskrit language had been refined, and its grammar and rhythm perfected.

If caste had existed in the early Vedic period, it must surely have found mention in more than one hymn. When, too, it is found that this hymn is the only one in which the word *Vaiśya*, the name of the third caste, appears, that it is the only one which mentions the fourfold classification of Vedic composition, and that it refers to the seasons of the year in a way that accords with later usage but differs from that employed in the other hymns of the Rig, the conclusion seems inevitable. But though this hymn cannot be classed among the most ancient hymns, its antiquity is inferior only to theirs, and it is probably anterior to every other kind of extant Hindu writing. So, then, the institution of caste is not coeval with the earliest records of the Hindu people. This is the result to which independent reasoning would have brought us; for, as (with a special and partial exception to be presently noticed) caste is entirely unknown to the other Aryan races, it may fairly be inferred that the institution arose among the Hindus after they had separated from their kindred stock.

The priority of the hymns of the Rig to all other Hindu writings is incontestable. The language in which they are written is so archaic, both in grammar and vocabulary, that some centuries before the Christian era special treatises were written in its explanation. The other Vedas, with the exception of the fourth, the *Atharva*, contain little beyond what is to be found in the Rig. What new matter they do contain is to all appearance of a somewhat later date, and in these the mention of caste, or at any rate of class, is more frequent and distinct. What time elapsed between the compilation of the hymns, and the appearance of the writings called *Brāhmanas*, can only be guessed at, but it must have been considerable. The *Brāhmanas* contain explanations of the hymns and regulations for their proper use in the celebration of sacrifices, and they embrace also the later treatises called *Aranyakas* and *Upanishads*, which are the beginnings of the speculative theology of the Hindus. These inquire into the mystic sense of the hymns, and the symbolism of the ceremonies, with the grand object of attaining a knowledge of the godhead, and of the origin and destiny of man. All these writings, both hymns and treatises, come under the denomination of *Śruti* or revelation, "that which was heard," as distinguished from the *Smṛiti*, or "that which was remembered," by the sages who committed to writing the various productions which fall under this classification, and which are considered inferior in authority to the revealed writings alone. Under the designation of *Smṛiti* come first the *Vedāngas* or supplements to the Vedas, devoted to the explanation of the grammar, vocabulary, pronunciation, metre, astronomy, and ceremonial of the Vedas. Next come the *Sūtras*, or aphorisms relating to domestic ceremonies and sacrificial rites. The Institutes of Manu follow next in order of time, and may be regarded as the great basis of Hindu civil law and political institutions. Last come the *Itihāsas* and the *Purānas*, the former including the great epic poems, the *Rāmāyana* and *Mahā-bhārata*; while the *Purānas*, eighteen in number, display the Hindu system in its fullest development. It is difficult to describe these latter works. They deal with cosmogony and mythology, with legendary lore, and vaticinations upon the destiny of the world. How much,

or rather how little, of fact they contain, it is difficult to estimate. Some gleams of fact shine feebly here and there; but the mind is bewildered with the millions of years and countless ages which they profess to record, while it is saddened with the puerile and empty results arrived at by a long succession of acute reasoners and daring speculators.

Through all these works Dr. Muir has pushed his inquiries upon the origin of caste, selecting and translating all the important passages which bear upon the question. The conclusion at which he arrives is that the passages quoted

have rendered it abundantly evident that the sacred books of the Hindus contain no uniform or consistent account of the origin of castes; but, on the contrary, present the greatest varieties of speculation on this subject. Explanations mystical, mythical, and rationalistic, are all offered in turn; and the freest scope is given by the individual writers to fanciful and arbitrary conjecture. . . . The most common story is that the castes issued from the mouth, arms, feet, and thighs of *Purusha*, or *Brāhmā*. The oldest extant passage in which this idea occurs is to be found in the *Purusha Sūkta*; but it is doubtful whether in the form in which it is there presented this representation is anything more than an allegory. In some of the texts which I have quoted from the *Bhāgavata Purāna*, traces of the same allegorical character may be perceived; but in *Manu* and the *Purānas* the mystical import of the Vedic text disappears, and the figurative narrative is hardened into a literal statement of fact.

In another chapter Dr. Muir seeks, by a study of the hymns of Rig and Atharva Vedas, to "ascertain the mutual relations of the different classes of Indian society at the time the hymns were composed." That there were priests and a priestly order is sufficiently apparent, but there is nothing to indicate that the order was exclusive and hereditary. The name by which the priest was designated was *brāhmān*, and although the term *brāhman* (the present name of the priestly caste) is occasionally used, it had none of the exclusive meaning it now bears, but was used in its strict etymological sense of "son of a priest," and in one text indeed the words "*brāhmā-putra*, priest's son," are used as the equivalent of the term *brāhman*. It is hardly necessary to point out that there is a wide distinction between "son of a priest" and "son of a priestly class." The conclusion which Dr. Muir arrives at is that "in none of the texts is any clear reference made to the *Brāhmanas* as constituting an exclusive caste or race, and nothing whatever is said about their being descended from an ancestor distinct from those of the other classes of their countrymen."

In addition to the negative evidence thus afforded, there is proof in the hymns and in later works that the authors of some of the hymns were men who were not of sacerdotal descent, although some of them acted as priests. It is sufficient to notice a single instance, that of the sage Visvāmitra, who is the recognized author of several of the hymns, though he is by common consent acknowledged to have been of royal descent, and to have raised himself to the priestly order. This proves that, although there was a sacerdotal and also a regal class, the former at least was not exclusive and hereditary.

The term *Vaiśya*, the name of the third caste, is said to be entirely unknown to the most ancient hymns; but the word *vi*, from which it is derived, is used in the hymns to designate the general community of Aryan worship and culture. That there were at first only three great divisions is curiously corroborated by the Zend Avesta of the Zoroastrians, which mentions three distinct classes, closely resembling in their names and functions these three classes of the Hindu race. Dr. Haug, who has brought this passage to light, considers that these were not simply classes, but castes; and if this were so, the origin of caste must be carried back to a period anterior to the separation of the Aryans of India from those of Persia; unless, indeed, it could be supposed that both these branches of the original stock, having the germ of the institution, developed it similarly and simultaneously. The evidence of the Zoroastrian divisions being castes, and not mere classes, is however too slight to influence the argument; and there is the grand objection that caste never became a recognized Zoroastrian institution.

The origin of the fourth caste, the *Sūdra*, is wrapped in mystery. The very etymology of the name is unsettled. A Puranic authority derives it from the roots *soch*, "to grieve," and *dru*, "to run"; but this is inconsistent with the ordinary rules of derivation, and the meaning assigned to it of "one who grieves and runs" is very far from carrying conviction with it. Another etymology derives it from *such*, "to purify," but this is equally worthless; for, apart from the difficulty of formation, the derivation of the name of the impure caste from a root signifying "to purify" is a worthy parallel of *lucus a non lucendo*. The name *Sūdra* does not occur in the most ancient hymns. It first occurs with that of *Vaiśya* in the *Purusha sukta*. So, between the period of the oldest hymns and the composition of this hymn, the term *vi*, which was used in the former to designate the general community, had developed into the form *Vaiśya*, and had become the recognized name of a third class or caste, consisting of proprietors and traders, such as we call middle-class people. The *Sūdras*, or servile race, then first come into notice—what was their origin? Upon this question there is no satisfactory evidence. All is left to inference and conjecture. Dr. Muir quotes the opinion of Professor Roth that "the *Sūdras* consisted of a race subdued by the Brahmanical conquerors, whether that race may have been a branch of the Aryan stock which immigrated at an early period into India, or an autochthonous Indian tribe." The latter supposition may, we think, be at once dismissed; for the *Sūdras* have all the characteristics of an Aryan race, and, on the other hand, the Aryan writers make abundant mention of the *mlecchas*, or barbarian tribes of India, with which they came in contact in their

progress. Being left to conjecture, we may offer the following as at least a plausible theory of the formation of the fourth caste:—When the Aryan invaders made their way into India, they had their priests and their warrior chiefs, a hierarchy and an aristocracy distinct from each other and above the great body of the people; the first holding a position similar to that of the clergy of Europe, and the latter having, as there appears ground for believing, already acquired an hereditary character. It is not likely, however, that the great mass of immigrants was separated into clearly defined classes. But after the people had settled upon the territory they had won, some by superior intelligence and activity extended their possessions, and others through inferiority of character or misfortune sunk into or continued in the position of servants and labourers. There, as in other parts of the world, a moneyed class and a labouring class were gradually formed. The breach between wealth and poverty is ever widening. As the middle class grew rich and more secure in their possessions, they treated their dependents with the same contumely they received from the priestly and regal classes, and asserted for themselves a superiority over those who were dependent on their labour for their bread. These pretensions made no encroachment upon the privileges of the higher classes, and so met with no opposition on that side. Thus the middle class came to be recognized as the *vis* or people, and all below them were separated into a fourth and inferior class. Then the term *Vaisya* was formed from the old word *vis*, and applied with a more definite and restricted meaning, and the fourth or servile class received the appellation of *Sūdra*, which, whatever its etymology, is recognized as meaning "servile."

We have said that no satisfactory derivation has been found for the term *Sūdra*. If the origin of the word could be discovered, it would no doubt throw much light upon the position of the class to which it was applied. The failure to discover its root may perhaps be attributed to the fact of the search for it having been limited to roots beginning, like the word itself, with the palatal *s*, and, if such a root could be found, it would unquestionably be preferable to one beginning with the dental *s*. But although the interchange of these sibilants is not common, still the instances of such changes are sufficiently numerous to justify a search under the second sibilant when the proper one fails to supply any acceptable etymon. Now the dental sibilant does seem to offer a probable radix in the root *swid*, identical with our word "sweat," which appears also in the Latin *sudo* and *sudor*. Admit the possibility of *swid* being the root and the rest is easy. The word *Sūdra* will mean "a sweater," one who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and will thus present an appropriate name for the labouring class. This theory is at least plausible and worth consideration.

Dr. Muir quotes, as the motto of his volume, a verse of the *Mahā-bhārata*:—

There is no distinction of castes. This world, which, as created by *Brāhmā*, was at first entirely Brahmanic, has become divided into classes in consequence of men's works.

Setting aside the pretensions advanced by the Brahmanical writer for his own caste, this appears to present an accurate statement of the facts. No distinction of castes was established by the Veda, but the institution sprang up subsequently as the result of men's habits and social arrangements.

In another somewhat lengthy chapter Dr. Muir proceeds

to give some legendary illustrations of the struggle which no doubt occurred in the early ages of Hindu history between the *Brāhmins* and the *Kshatriyas*, after the former had begun to constitute a fraternity exercising the sacerdotal profession, but before the respective provinces of the two classes had been accurately defined by custom, and when the members of each were ready to encroach on the prerogatives claimed as their own exclusive birthright by the other.

This is another phase of the world-wide struggle between the spiritual and secular powers. It occupies a conspicuous position, and fills many a page of the epic poems and the *Purāṇas*. It also has its interest, as all such conflicts must have, but it is too extensive and diversified to receive more than a passing notice in the space at our command.

That great research and labour must have been expended on the preparation of these volumes is abundantly manifest, but how great can only be adequately appreciated by men who know the vast extent of the works from which Dr. Muir has drawn his materials. Equally conspicuous are the candour and the modesty with which the facts are arranged and the deductions drawn. If we have any fault to find, it is that the author has been too reticent perhaps of the opinions which he must have formed. He has gone to his work in the spirit of one anxious to arrive at the truth, not in search of proofs to establish a preconceived theory. The result is a mass of trustworthy evidence, for which he deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the history of the people of India.

ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.*

THE *Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal* is so mixed up with that of her spiritual father St. Francis de Sales, that the biography of the one admits the reader to a knowledge of the character and of many details of the active life of the other, thus adding greatly to its value and interest. We are introduced to a pair of modern saints—truly deserving the title—holding a

certain domestic relation towards each other; visiting at each other's homes, dining at the same table in the family circle, exchanging civilities, transacting business together, arranging a family alliance on ordinary secular principles of fitness, keeping up a close correspondence as devoted and mutually admiring and reverencing friends. We see them not only as (ultimately canonized) saints, but as accomplished gentleman and fine lady of the seventeenth century. These details of state, wealth, and property, of dress and courtly grace naturally belonging to their condition and accepted as such, are, however, in the history before us, so interspersed with the supernatural, with visions, prophecies, miracles, all related in the same tone of confident matter-of-course narration, never condescending to proof or evidence, that the effect upon the reader is that of reading two books at once—some monkish chronicle interlined with modern biography. The puzzle is explained when we recall the French origin of the narrative; the book being, in fact, as the editor informs us in the preface, only an abridgment and *résumé* of the Abbé Bougaud's *Histoire de Ste.-Chantal et des Origines de la Visitation*. Perhaps it is further explained by the necessities of the case; miracles being essential to the supreme distinction of canonization. This crowning honour St. Jane de Chantal set her heart upon obtaining for her departed friend and director, and, being a woman of remarkable strength of will, implicit faith in her Church, great authority, and saintly reputation, an inquiry set on foot by her for miracles constituted a demand which was sure to meet with its answering supply. Whatever view might previously have been taken of certain events, this inquiry would determine it in the desired way, and settle the question between natural and supernatural. Thus we read that Mother de Beaumont nailed his likeness upon the convent-gate, and was saved from the plague. A son-in-law of Madame de Chantal is wounded in battle and told by the doctors that death is imminent, upon which he applies a letter of St. Francis to the wound and the bullets come out of themselves. Mother de Chantal herself attested on oath that the whole convent at Annecy was frequently filled with a delicate subtle fragrance, attributing it to the fact that the Saint's body lay buried there. Of course many of the miracles recorded cannot be traced to simple honest imagination, but this was clearly stimulated to the utmost. The frequent testimonies to the odour of sanctity and to limbs pliant years after death, the story of a radiant picture and similar marvels, have the air of responses to an appeal which a convent of devout nuns would be ashamed to disappoint. Thus, if the chapel which contains the body of the Saint emits a fragrance, that at Lyons which holds his heart in a golden reliquary must needs rather surpass the wonder than fall short of it; and we are informed that from the relic continually flowed a sweet liquid resembling fragrant oil. Nor is the venerable Mother herself without similar testimonies to saintliness. While still a wife and living in the world, after exhausting the provisions at her command in alms to the poor during a famine, and being reduced to a single barrel of flour, we read, "It is credibly recorded that for full six months the entire household of Bourbilly and the neighbouring poor were abundantly fed from this single barrel of flour"; and as the famine went on the servants became quite accustomed, after sweeping out the granary one day, to find it full of corn the next. A gigantic porter renowned for his strength was seized with a strange attack of weakness when in later years he had to carry her litter, and it turned out afterwards that he had led a wicked life, and was executed for his many crimes; and so on. No wonder that, as her sanctity grew, the nuns of the eighty convents founded by her became anxious to retain as much of her as they could by any means secure for a lasting possession. Thus the nuns of the Visitation at Paris implored her to bequeath her heart to them, her body being pledged to Annecy, where lay St. Francis. The request was granted, but the convent at Moulins was eventually successful in securing the prize, which was preserved in a jewelled reliquary, the word itself bespeaking and foreshadowing miracles. Those less favoured had to be content with portions of her habit and her veil, surreptitiously snipped off as relics.

The reader willingly grants that the Saints were saintly, but feels that the mind cannot wholesomely dwell on the technical business of making out their saintliness. The whole strain appears to have been opposed to the spirit of St. Francis, and to the aims he had in view in organizing the order of which St. Jane de Chantal was foundress. But the spirit of the cloister must assert itself through every difference of rule. His turn was practical, he was opposed to excessive austerities, he wished especially to dispense with the rule of enclosure, so that the poor and sick might be visited by the nuns at their own homes; but he had to yield in this to his spiritual superiors. There is no indication of his demanding that utter renunciation of the will and judgment which goes under the name of obedience, and which is naturally enough set up as the crowning test of sanctity in communities composed exclusively of two classes—the ultra strong wills that rule, the implicitly, blindly submissive who obey, and who under the term "simplicity" are indulged and commended in any amount of puerility in return for the self-respect which they renounce. We believe that St. Francis's test of sanctity would have been other than that here propounded:—

* *Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal*. By Emily Bowles. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

But the aged Sister with great simplicity went close to the parlour grating and sang until she was told by the Superior to leave off. As soon as she was gone away M. Olier, who was one of the best living judges of true spirituality, exclaimed, "Fifty miracles would not so thoroughly have convinced me of the Christian virtue of that nun as this act of heroic submission."

Let us hope that the old lady had a better opinion of her voice than her critic, and that she had that *satisfaction personnelle* which casuists claim in reward of the labours of the *pauvre esprit*, as a compensation for the world's disparagement, arguing—*C'est ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne aux grenouilles de la satisfaction de leur chant*. It is melancholy to think of old age, which should be venerable, submitting to make sport in this fashion. The reader, after a string of such feats of abject docility, is simply shocked by the tameness they display; and we verily believe St. Francis would have felt the same. There was no desire in him to crush individuality and put down common sense. In a case which is made much of as enjoining implicit submission to rule, we may discern the influential end and motive which guided that rule. It was just before the Profession Day, when the Gallery House at Annecy, the seed of so many houses, was to be dedicated and the first nuns professed, that the Sisters persuaded their Mother to let them take some money which the bishop had given them for the sick to decorate the chapel and altar. Mother de Chantal allowed herself to be persuaded, but no sooner had she done so than she wrote to confess her error, and next day, kneeling and in tears, accused herself of her fault. "Daughter, this is your first disobedience to me; it has given me a very bad night," said the Saint, and passed on, leaving her still kneeling on the ground. The spot in the orchard where this scene passed is handed down by tradition as sacred. Possibly St. Francis owes the distinction of the present volume to his friendship and reverence for St. Ignatius, as throughout its pages we detect the spirit of the Order whose watchword is obedience; especially in the one harsh exception to a tone of general bland toleration, where the biographer speaks of Jansenism as one of the most detestable heresies that have ever disfigured the Church of Christ.

Jane Frances Frémyot de Chantal (grandmother of Madame de Sévigné) was born at Dijon in 1572. Her father, Bénigne Frémyot, was President of the then famous Burgundian Parliament, a man of rank and wealth and high religious character. She lost her mother in infancy, to which circumstance her biographer attributes a sternness and austerity which it needed all her saintly director's guidance to subdue into the full sweetness of Christian charity. It was, however, this difference of temperament, joined with unity of aims, which no doubt attracted these remarkable persons towards each other, and united them in a life-long and most intimate friendship, one of those many spiritual friendships recorded in the lives of saints—alike beneficial to themselves and to their teaching as tempering the asperities of asceticism—which prove that pure friendship is possible between man and woman, though in no case can the distinction of sex be wholly forgotten or ignored. Jane Frances came into the world when the controversy between Huguenots and Catholics was at its height, and when Burgundy was "overrun with Calvinists." Before she was five years old she entered into it with characteristic energy. Being present at a dispute on the Real Presence she joined in the argument; her opponent, viewing his small adversary with surprise, tried to settle it with sugar-plums. She took them in her pinafore and marching to the fireplace threw them into the fire, saying, "Look, my lord, this is how heretics will be burnt in the fire of hell because they do not believe what our Lord says." She seems to have been trained in more freedom of will than most girls of her age; for at sixteen she refused to marry one man who proposed for her because she suspected him of Huguenot proclivities, and she declined another brilliant match on other grounds. At length she acquiesced in her father's selection of Christopher de Chantal, then head of the Rabutin house, with whom he had served in support of Henry IV. A scrupulous conscience might have found something to object to even in his case, for before he was thirty he had fought eighteen duels, which Bussy Rabutin ascribes to his extreme gentleness and meekness of demeanour. But he was seen to be full of religious faith and devoted to his duties, besides possessing the Rabutin charm of manner—what Madame de Sévigné afterwards called Rabutinage. Jane, a beautiful woman of dignified manner, and, at twenty, with some knowledge of the world, made him in every respect an excellent wife; courteous to her equals, a wise manager of his estates during his frequent absences at Court or at the wars, and at the same time full of good works. She married in 1592. Five years afterwards he was killed by accident in hunting, and she was left a wealthy widow with four children. Her first act when the trance of despair was passed was to take a vow of chastity, and to dedicate more of her time to religious exercises, feeling now for the first time the need of a director in the stricter path which she desired to follow. We are here informed that, while riding alone about her property, she had a kind of manifestation as to who this director should be—a person who looked like a bishop walking towards her in cassock, rochet, and biretta, with countenance of serene and heavenly aspect, who disappeared on nearer approach. This vision did not prevent her putting herself soon after under the direction of a pious monk, who encouraged her desire for extreme austerities, and who extracted from her four vows, two of which were never to leave him, and to let no other person speak to her of her interior state. We are rather struck with the ease with which she was absolved from these embarrassing vows when the true director

came. In 1603 she heard St. Francis preach at Dijon, where her father lived, recognized him as the reality of her vision, he at the same moment noticing the young calm face in widow's weeds upraised in fixity of attention; and very soon Francis de Sales is on intimate terms with the President Frémyot and all her family, on further knowledge pronouncing upon her spiritual case—like the London physician overhauling the country practitioner's prescription—that the monk's advice had been excellent for the time, but the period had now come for reversing it, vows and all. We gather that the Saint's manner had an inherent native charm from the fact that nobody without such an instrument of power could have ventured on the freedoms which were more than allowed in him. Thus, sitting by Madame de Chantal at dinner, "Madame," he asks in a low voice, "should you like to marry again?" "No, indeed, my lord," she instantly replied. "Then you should pull down your flag," he said smiling. She perfectly understood him, and next day at dinner her dress was docked of certain little trimmings and coxcombries. It was the same when she wore lace; would not her dress be as clean without it? No doubt he had his eye upon a future foundress; for we read "He had at once discerned the noble and solid qualities of the young widow," and wrote of her that she brought vividly to his mind St. Paula, St. Angela, and St. Catharine. "She has a grand soul, and her courage in great religious undertakings is above that of women."

The character, the society, the proper work of women not only occupied St. Francis, but were a natural subject of interest with him. We find Françoise, Madame de Chantal's second daughter, who had a taste for dress, appealing to the Saint against her mother's restrictions, and he takes her part, advises a fine ruff for great days, and "thinks the child would be much pleased to have these laces and standing up ruffles. You see I know something about these things." In the same spirit he would call the young lady to order with paternal authority when his quick eye saw she was carrying things too far. His reproofs have a bantering tenderness. If he would check Madame de Chantal's too eager spiritual aspirations, he reminds her that she is but a poor miserable little widow—*une pauvre petite chétive veuve*. He condescended not only to dictate the material of the veils of the new Order, but, taking the scissors, shaped out the form with his own hand. When he led the nuns into the orchard of the Gallery House at Annecy during recreation, to explain to them the virtue of affability, and a thunderstorm came on, one of the novices cried, "Oh, my lord, I am so frightened!" He laughed and replied (on what warrant we know not), "O my child, don't be afraid; the lightning only strikes great saints or great sinners, and you are neither one nor the other." When Madame de Chantal wrote asking leave for less sleep, the request was promptly refused. He advised between seven and eight hours' sleep as necessary for women, whose brain and frame are more liable to give way under pressure, when their work necessarily loses its value. His rule permitted the indulgence of natural affection and terms of endearment. Perfect sweetness of character cannot be found without independence of mind. No blaze of sanctity ever obscured these natural graces in him, and his gracious air and manner set them off to their highest advantage. What must be the influence over men, and supereminently over women, of a Saint thus endowed?

All great undertakings for the benefit of society seem fated to exact some preliminary sacrifice, and to us the sacrifice in this case was St. Jane's eldest daughter Marie Aimée, betrothed at eleven and married at thirteen to the younger brother of St. Francis; we cannot help thinking because the arrangement conveniently put a difficulty out of the way of Madame de Chantal's dedication to her new work. Early marriages were allowed in those days, but when we read the complacent summing up of this interesting young creature's life—"this beautiful life, let it never be forgotten, had lasted little more than nineteen years, and during that time Marie Aimée de Chantal had become a wife, a mother, a widow, a nun"—it suggests some reflections in another key. St. Jane Frances died in 1641, in her seventieth year, after a life of varied labour spent in the business of managing a family and large estates, and the more absorbing charge of the Order of which she was foundress. Her second daughter, Françoise, lived to eighty-five, and owed her death then to a holy imprudence in making a pilgrimage fasting to a sanctuary on a mountain height.

THE WELLINGTON PRIZE ESSAY ON TACTICS.*

LIEUTENANT MAURICE may well claim credit for having built up a work of such living interest as his is, even to the layman, upon such a set of dry bones as the given thesis afforded. For, at a first glance, the sections into which this is divided for the purpose of strict technical inquiry (which may be briefly described as an examination of the best modes of marching on, of covering, of attacking, and of defending a position) do not suggest anything to the general reader likely to repay his perusal. He may probably expect only an addition to those unprofitable discussions of certain military theorists which profess to treat the whole possibilities of war in a given number of axioms,

* The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted for enabling our Troops to meet a Continental Army. By Lieut. F. Maurice, Royal Artillery, Instructor of Tactics and Organization, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. London: Blackwood. 1872.

definitions, problems, and cases, presenting all the dryness of the First Book of Euclid without any of its truth, since nothing is more likely to lead to false results than this trick of reasoning about men as though they were soulless machines. Lieutenant Maurice's Essay by no means deserves to be classed with these very useless disquisitions. Often original, he is always interesting, and has kept clear throughout of this pedantic school. But it is possible to fly from this error into the opposite extreme, and, in the effort to avoid too close adherence to formulae, to become so vague and discursive in treating the theory of war as to afford the student little solid basis on which to fix his views, and to leave the more hasty reader with only a confused impression of the writer's design. And it seems to us that Lieutenant Maurice has barely escaped this latter danger, in his wish to make his Essay as complete a study of the subject as the conditions allowed, without theorizing too closely upon it. He tells us in his preface that, as it was impossible that the paper should be published until some months after it had been written, he has carefully revised it, and added references to works which have only recently become available. We find accordingly at the opening a long list of books quoted, and in the Essay itself references to the very latest utterances on the subject of tactics, even to lectures of fugitive interest very recently delivered. Added as these are to other very numerous quotations, they give the work as a whole too much the character of a commentary on what has been said and written about modern tactics by others, rather than of an original essay on the great questions handled. We say purposely "as a whole," for there are not wanting passages, as will presently be shown, which are remarkably fresh and original in thought. And to many readers who have had little opportunity of studying what the military press, especially in Germany, has put forth on these questions, so complete a review, and so clever an adaptation of this literature to English ideas as Lieutenant Maurice offers, may have a special value. But it is our desire here rather to notice the writer's own special views, and the treatment of them which his work affords. His use of the long list of German essayists whose works he tabulates is, in certain places, of doubtful worth. In extending his studies over such a mass of criticisms and reflections, he has possibly confused himself. At any rate he has hardly learnt to measure quality, or mastered the essential differences in the worth of his various authorities, and their respective relations to the circumstances of which they write.

The text of the Essay lies in the first sentences. The author begins by quoting the admirable definition of the word *Manceuvres* from Colonel Hamley's *Operations of War*. He follows this by the broad statement of his own opinion, delivered thus:—

I have been led to the conclusion that the very basis on which at present our [i.e. the British] scheme for accomplishing this manœuvring is founded must be changed if we would meet the changed conditions of war. The objects to be attained are precisely those named in the definition [i.e. the quick orderly change of highly trained and flexible masses from one kind of formation to another, or their transference from point to point]; the method of securing them is greatly modified. Those who have been engaged in the recent fighting [the italics are our own, to point attention to the chief sources of knowledge employed], and who have recorded their experiences, are very unanimous on the subject. I must therefore ask for patience if, before proceeding to the detailed consideration of our future manœuvres under the several assigned heads, I am drawn into an inquiry the relevancy of which will be perhaps not fully apparent till the details are discussed.

We quote these introductory sentences as giving the proper key to the study of what follows. The rest of the brief preface is not by any means so clear. For how we can introduce the "very radical changes" which are to be suggested, whilst at the same time holding the extremely conservative doctrine that "the less we imagine we can dispense with any of the lessons of the past, the sounder our conclusions will be," is not apparent to us, fresh though we are from a careful perusal of Mr. Maurice's general inquiry. This, with some short supplementary chapters on the proportionate advantages of Attack or Defence, and on the Retaining Power of Small Bodies, occupies about a hundred pages, and forms the really important part of the Essay. The application of the principles which are arrived at to the problems assigned for competition follows as a matter of course, in sections which are well worth perusal, but which are necessarily of a much more technical scope than the preliminary discussion.

This, as we said at the outset, is rather a review than an original body of thoughts. Lieutenant Maurice has, in fact, taken much pains to fortify by abundant references his views of the necessity of great changes. A large part of his citations are from the well-known book of Boguslawski, and other minor German works which deal with the results of the late war. And to an English reader it will not be uninteresting to find that to Colonel Gawler (whose little book on the *Essentials of Good Skirmishing* is frequently referred to), as doubtless to many other old Peninsular veterans, great part of what the Germans consider as so especially national, so entirely born of their own system, and so bound up with the use of the breechloader, was familiar many years ago, when we knew little enough of the Prussian weapon or the Prussian military training. It is highly creditable to the essayist's industry and research to have brought this fact so clearly to light.

Our author devotes his attention especially to examining "the evidence on which we can safely rely as to the changes which new conditions have introduced into the art of manœuvring armies." He is not so clear here as he might be, his desire to be complete leading him occasionally into over-diffuseness. His

conclusion, in which we by no means concur, may best be read in his own words:—

We cannot judge absolutely of the future practice of the German generals from either period of the late war. For in the first portion [the failure before St. Privat has been introduced as an example] they had not learnt the necessities of the new condition of things, in the latter other circumstances [the moral inferiority of the Gambetta levies], had rendered even these new conditions of comparatively secondary importance. . . . It is essential to remember that the ground on which we are working is of an altogether different kind from the distinct positive study of such clearly recorded battles as those of Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Solferino. . . . The facts of the present campaign will not for a long time be so sifted as to supply us with a clear narrative of what occurred. When they are so sifted the evidence will not be of at all the same kind as in the other case. . . . On the whole, for the mass of our facts, we are obliged to rely on the statements of those German authors who adduce the facts expressly in order to establish their own theories.

We confess that the author seems here not only to fail in establishing his case, but to contradict it completely by showing the influence which these very statements have had in shaping his conclusions. To support this theory immediately, he here devotes some pages to a criticism of the *Tactical Retrospect*, directed, if we understand it aright, to show that Captain May took but a limited view of his subject, regarding it mainly from the standpoint of a captain of infantry. "He appears to err," is the somewhat long-winded expression, "from taking as the basis of all his calculations less a complete investigation into the duties and importance of each rank than his own partial experience." On the whole, however, Lieutenant Maurice seems after all to believe that Captain May's views, in order to be right, need chiefly to be extended, and that the independence claimed in the "*Retrospect*" for captains of companies must be diffused more or less through every grade of the military hierarchy. Such, at least, we take to be the writer's meaning; although here, as in some other parts of the Essay, it is somewhat obscured by superabundance of detail, and by over-anxiety to touch on every point that can by any possibility affect the question under consideration.

Some admirable remarks follow on the value of the local training which is the normal state of things in Germany, and of which it is added with truth that "an extreme difficulty presents itself in the application in detail of the local corps system to England." The author then passes on to suggest certain modifications in our organization which "seem to be needed, partly in order to enable troops to adopt the formations required by the new arm, partly in order to develop as far as possible the habit of independent action among subordinate commanders." Here he pursues—and with far more clearness than in his discussions on the German authorities whose influence, whilst he ostensibly criticizes them, is manifest throughout, even in his style—the path which so many of our military reformers would pursue, but which inveterate professional prejudices combine with national instincts to close against them. Larger and fewer companies; more independent training within these companies; a more perfect organization in each between the captain and the privates—these are the dreams of others besides the essayist, and bear the impress of that very German school, and particularly of that powerful "*Retrospect*" writer, which have been so closely criticized by him just before. That the same advantages might be gained by using smaller battalions, and making the battalion officer, be he styled major or lieutenant-colonel, for drill purposes what the company-chief is in Germany, seems to occur to Lieutenant Maurice as little as to those Prussian writers of whose spirit he has drunk so deeply whilst endeavouring to deprecate their claims to be an infallible guide. This section of the Essay is concluded with some remarks on our Auxiliary forces which will well repay study, and are free from the defects we have noticed. Here the author escapes from the trammels of a foreign school, and, being resolved to speak his mind, grasps a difficult subject with a firmness, yet delicacy, worthy of the highest praise. The following passage is so favourable a specimen of his manner, and so valuable in itself, that we quote it at length:—

It cannot be doubted that there are among the Volunteer corps bodies in all essentials as highly disciplined as men need be. The fact impressed itself upon all who had to do with most of those who undertook the trouble of attending the whole of the autumn manœuvres last year. There are among the Volunteers some who appear not even to have arrived at an elementary conception of what the nature of discipline is. The first are, under the present conditions of war, invaluable; the latter are much worse than useless.

I see no way of selecting those who ought to be employed, and of getting rid of those who would do mischief, except that of entrusting to each corps d'armée commander, at the moment when the services of the Volunteers of his district are required, the duty of assigning their proper functions to each. Some will be fit to join any troops of the line, and to become sharpshooters or mounted riflemen. Others may be able to act, if properly incorporated with good troops, as the Dutch-Belgians in Wellington's army in 1815. Others will only be fit to be thrown into a fortress, there to learn discipline and drill. [And drill, being now rather, for the army, a means of securing effective discipline than a direct preparation for war, its applicability to the Volunteers, a note explains, depends on the extent to which it tends to bring them under discipline.] In any case, for troops without discipline, there is no place in modern open war. Of the Militia, *mutatis mutandis*, almost exactly analogous expressions must at present be employed.

We have not space to consider the details into which the Essay afterwards passes, nor is it needful to our purpose. The argument which underlies the whole, obscured sometimes possibly by the author's desire to respect existing prejudices, appears with plainness in his closing page. Mere passive defence, to put it briefly, is a bad form of fighting. Defence, to be good, should include

counter attack. However, in all cases manœuvring power is needed; and yet "until a greater manœuvring facility—due as much to organization as to training—is acquired by our army, the defensive is the *role* we ought to seek. Unhappily no army can limit itself to the defensive."

The Duke of Wellington has done a twofold service to the army and the country by the timely liberality to which we are indebted for this volume. He has shown that in the junior ranks of the profession there are keensighted critics of its wants and shortcomings; whilst the publication of such an Essay as Lieutenant Maurice's gives hopes that among the rising generation of officers men will constantly be found ready at call to show how the needful remedies should be applied, and the spirit of our army kept up to the demands of the age.

TOTTIE'S TRIAL.*

UNSWERVING self-sacrifice and uncompromising truth are the two favourite virtues of a certain class of novelists; and the exercise of common sense in the regulation of life is the one thing of which they are most afraid. As a rule, they think they have done the best when they have drawn the most impossible characters, which they weight all to one side; and to hint at the value of that kind of eclecticism which makes reason the supreme judge of action, and, in the case of conflicting virtues, chooses that which is most to the advantage of all concerned, is to them nothing more than Sadduceism, which no right-minded person should countenance. If, by being unnecessarily self-sacrificing, the hero and heroine can make themselves supremely wretched, and abandon the best interests of those dearest to them for a nominal and barren duty to a scamp; if they can show forth the superstition rather than the beauty of goodness, in the unelastic way in which they bind themselves to one dominant principle, then they think they have done a righteous work. They have vindicated the cause of morality against the selfish weaklings who sigh after happiness, and have put to shame the infidel philosophers who think that reason was given us to regulate our virtues as well as our follies; they have made their Moloch, and passed through the fire before it, and they are satisfied; but it does not trouble them that nine times out of ten they have talked nonsense, and created a fancy humanity which is not to be found in work-a-day life anywhere.

Kay Spen, who writes purely and prettily, is a little too much given to this kind of exaggerated morality, and seems to go upon the principle that, if a thing is but sufficiently disagreeable it is sure to be right; also, that the best method of effecting a reformation in a scoundrel is to deluge him with sickly sentiment, and to touch his sensibilities rather than his conscience. We are sorry to have this to say, but it is as well to hit the blot in her work boldly; for she has qualities of so good a kind that it is a pity to let them run to waste for want of more judicious holding together. We also object to her fondness for dwelling on puerile circumstances, by which she makes her book more like a child's book—or at the most like that special literature for young persons which is just the one step beyond—than we fancy she intends; nor, as a matter of style, can we see why "*Tottie and I*" should have the dignity of a whole line to itself, or why certain sentences should be ushered into the world denuded of their nominatives. This habit of writing without nominatives gives, to be sure, a fine, free, vignettéd character to a page, but it has its inconveniences; and on the whole we prefer to be favoured with the usual indication of what a sentence really means.

Tottie's Trial is a story of a slight and airy character, one with but little plot and no reserve, so that it is impossible to review it without betraying the secret of its construction; but as its strength lies in its simplicity and moral tendency rather than in its dramatic situations or power of exciting the interest of curiosity, we shall do it no harm by telling the story in its main features. *Tottie's "trial"* arises from the fact of her possessing an utter scoundrel for her father; a man who broke her mother's heart by ill-usage and desertion, and who has so entirely abandoned his child that she has never been seen by him at all; and, indeed, she has been taught, and the whole family have believed, that he went down with the *Severn*, when this ill-fated ship foundered with all on board. Meanwhile *Tottie* has been brought up by her aunt and uncle, who idolize her, and who have adopted her. Suddenly, with no more warning than that contained in a letter from a brother in Australia, who says that he has seen him, backed by a letter from the man himself, Bertram Linford appears at the house, and claims his daughter. The aunt and uncle know him to be thoroughly vile, a heartless and unprincipled ruffian, a man with no more conscience than affection, and as little delicacy as either; yet because he is her father, they say nothing to *Tottie* to induce her to refuse to go with him, and suffer this young girl to wander away with a man who they know will make a market of her beauty, and in all ways degrade and make her miserable. As he is handsome and plausible, *Tottie* sees nothing of his real character; and naturally allows her passionate joy at possessing a father, whom all had so long believed dead, to have its full course. She might, however, have been induced not to go with him if her aunt had told her the truth; but her aunt did not tell her the truth, because of some exalted notion of duty to a parent, and of the beauty of self-sacrifice in any

case. And it is at this point that we think Kay Spen unable to distinguish true morality from that which is merely nominal and sentimental. The aunt had *Tottie's* good to consider as well as Mr. Linford's paternal claims; the very law would not have given the girl to him; and under the circumstances of the case, his long desertion and the close tie between her and her aunt and uncle, she would have been allowed at her age to choose her own guardian. But because he was her father as a natural fact, not in any of the essential qualities of paternity, they give her up to his keeping without an effort to retain her; give her up, too, leaving her in utter ignorance of his real character, and let her drift from the safe security of an honourable home and the careful guardianship of love into the degradation and loose living of a blackleg and unredeemed scoundrel. It does not make it better that Aunt Nelly talks affectionate goodyism, and that her delicacy, or her notions of right, prevent her from opening *Tottie's* eyes, though ever so partially.

When *Tottie* gets into her father's hands the inevitable sorrow of course comes. For reasons of his own he throws her in the way of a congenial scoundrel, one Baron Rogern, to whom he owes money which he would willingly pay off by the sale of her hand. *Tottie's* maid and faithful home servant, whom Mr. Linford has dismissed because too much in his way as her protector, comes back to Aunt Nelly in despair at the misery her young mistress is enduring, and the bad look of things in general; on which Aunt Nelly, who has been sunk into a kind of physical and moral lethargy at the loss of her husband, rouses herself and sets off to Germany to rescue her imperilled treasure. And here again what seems to us the author's exaggerated idea of sacrifice comes in; *Tottie*, who has no power of judgment at all, and who is as credulous as any typical gudgeon that ever swam, after a short struggle consents to become the Baron's wife, on the representations of her father as to his indebtedness which she can redeem if she will marry his creditor. To prevent such an unholy sacrifice, Aunt Nelly offers to help Bertram out of his difficulties; but *Tottie's* unselfishness forbids this, and she refuses, to poor "auntie's" unfeigned astonishment, confirming her father's declaration that she is marrying voluntarily, when she answers his question in the presence of her aunt, and confesses that it is of her own free will she is making herself the Baron's victim and her father's sacrifice. We will not say how the difficulty is averted, but really we must regard the providence which watches over *Tottie* in her trials as exceptionally vigilant, and the happy issue into which she comes as a greater piece of good luck than most persons can boast of after such deadly peril. Bertram's conversion, too, though rather understood than expressed, is another miracle in its way, and one which we are sorry to be too sceptical to credit. We do not say that such a reformation is impossible, but in this case we had no early indications to lead up to it, so that it comes on us with a certain sense of violence and improbability. The man was not one of those weak creatures whose plastic nature may be moulded into the shape of angel or fiend according to the will of the manipulator; he was simply bad, without feeling and without conscience; and why being tumbled out of a carriage and hurt should transform him all at once from a hardened sinner to a weeping saint, from a wretch who had deserted his wives and sold his daughter to a quite edifying example of Christian virtues—that is, why it should give him qualities full grown, of which he has never shown so much as the germs—is a mystery not easily explained. Perhaps in a book of this kind, which appeals so entirely to the sentiments, we ought not to be too impatient of spiritual sugar; and a kindly philosophy is better in a woman than a harsh one. Still we think it desirable for an author to keep as true to nature as possible, and to remember that every manifestation of character must have a pre-existing basis.

Tottie's Trial is substantially the moral of compensations, with the companion doctrine of love conquering all things, evil included. When Aunt Nelly loses her husband in the fire, she finds the child, a boy, for whom he had died, who brings her out of her self-absorbed sorrow and supplies the place in some degree of *Tottie*, now in the midst of her perplexities with her father and the Baron in Germany. When this boy, Willie, is taken from her, *Tottie* returns; when Bertram Linford becomes a cripple, or rather an invalid for life, his soul gets grace, and his vices are lost in a halo of unexpected virtues; while even Joanna, disagreeable, selfish, and peevish as she is, becomes gracious and sweet through the divine power lying in being loved and cared for on the one hand, and of having some one to love and care for on the other. It would be a pleasant world if this kind of thing were true; but it does no great harm to "make believe" that it is in fiction; though, for our own part, we prefer stories which are more like life, and which show the inherent goodness even of warped and distorted natures on more solid philosophical principles than those of *Tottie's Trial*. Nevertheless this is a good little book; and, if slightly silly, it is extremely well intentioned, and calculated to make innocent young people all the better boys and girls when they have read it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN these days of strikes and high prices the subject of Trade Unions has become one of universal interest, and even those to whom it is already familiar may be gratified at seeing it treated in some measure from a new point of view. In England we have been content to consider the question as it has forced itself upon

* *Tottie's Trial*. By Kay Spen, Author of "*True of Heart*," &c. &c. London: Strahan & Co.

public attention from time to time, without much heed of its roots in the past or its ramifications in the future. Dr. Brentano*, convinced that no historical or social phenomenon can be altogether isolated, labours to connect the voluntary associations of the workmen of the nineteenth century, often proscribed and rarely encouraged by the law, with the recognized trade-guilds of the middle ages, an essential portion of the social fabric of the time. The decay of these institutions, and the omission of legislators to provide an adequate substitute, left, in his view, trade in an anarchical condition, and the working classes too completely at the mercy of the employers of labour. Trade Unions are, he considers, an instinctive effort to restore what was valuable in the old system, and have accordingly attained their fullest development in England, where the extirpation of guilds has been more complete than anywhere else. The filiation seems fairly made out; and, as an admirer of the ancient system of regulation, which, however antiquated and oppressive it may have ultimately become, undoubtedly corresponded to the needs of the society which originated it, Dr. Brentano is necessarily committed to the advocacy of its modern representative. His book, in fact, is substantially a plea for Trade Unions, favourably distinguished by sobriety of statement and closeness of argument, taking up the principal allegations against these institutions *seriatim*, and meeting them by facts and considerations principally derived from the proceedings of English Parliamentary Committees, accompanied with due references to the sources of information. From his own point of view his case seems conclusive, but it will probably strike an impartial reader that he has confined himself too closely to a single class of considerations, and in particular that he has failed to inquire into the discouragement to enterprise and invention, and the vexatious interference with business, which may be easily conceived to result from any minute system of trade regulations made in the interest of the workmen only. Of the two crying sins of Unionism—the tendency to repress exceptional talent, and the systematic coercion of minorities—the former is treated by him in much too offhand a fashion, and the latter ignored altogether. We hope we may conclude that the immorality of intimidation appears to him too palpable for exposure. There is so much force and justice in his observations respecting the good moral effect of combination, in so far as it leads workmen to recognize their responsibility as members of a great community, that we feel somewhat disappointed at finding his views of the ultimate extent of this influence so limited and partial after all. The proportion of intelligent artisans who are sufficiently intelligent to practise combination, and to submit to the self-denial it involves, will, he thinks, never be greater in comparison with the multitude than that of the burghers of the free cities to the serfs of the middle ages. If the advantages of combination are so great as is contended, they must exert an ever-increasing attraction on the mass; the inevitable spread of education seems also left out of account. Dr. Brentano's anticipations of the effects of the co-operative system likewise seem less than it might be reasonable to entertain. It may be inferred from this that he is no enemy to capitalists, and shows no countenance to Socialism in any form; no writer, indeed, could stand at a greater distance from Karl Marx and the International Society. He believes that the relation between employer and employed will always exist, but he looks forward to great changes in the former class from the absorption of small capitalists by large ones. As a political economist Dr. Brentano appears to be on the whole orthodox, except in so far as he differs from the majority of the Free-trade school by denying, as the argument of his work requires, the applicability of the principle of unrestricted competition to labour. A tendency to over-regulation by voluntary rule or legislative enactment is undoubtedly the weak point of his treatise; he appears, in particular, to hint at methods for repressing a surplus in the labour market which could not possibly be resorted to in a free country. With all its drawbacks, however, the work is one of great value as well as great interest, and well deserves to be translated into the language of the nation whose industry it principally concerns. It is a sequel to a former volume on trade-guilds in general, chiefly historical in its scope, and of less immediate interest.

The indefatigable industry of Dr. Bastian† has again been exerted in the compilation of a volume the magnitude of which, considering that it is but one of a series of similar works, can only be described as astounding. Unfortunately no improvement is apparent in the style or method of the treatise, which is, like its predecessors, an enormous commonplace book of excerpts, transcribed at full length in their original languages—a well nigh impenetrable jungle of erudition, without the advantage of an elephant track. Dr. Bastian's subject, the legal institutions of uncivilized and semi-civilized nations, including the religious ceremonies and traditional observances which have the force of law, is one of great interest, and his accumulation of materials may be profitably resorted to as a valuable quarry, but he has scarcely taken the first step towards construction. This is the more to be regretted as the last few pages of his preface, treating of the scientific culture of morals, prove that he is inspired by sound practical ideas, and is perfectly capable of developing them with intelligence and precision when the thread of his argument does not snap under a weight of indiscriminate quotation. The first chapters of the work are devoted to the laws

of the various nations referred to—being nearly all the nations on the face of the earth—the latter chapters to their superstitions; the author's thesis being that law originates in theology, and that in the earlier stages of society the distinction between the two is very imperfectly defined.

The late Dr. Rudolph Köpke*, although best known to the world as the friend and biographer of Tieck, and the editor of his correspondence, was also a scientific investigator of historical problems, and a pamphleteer on the Conservative side of German political questions. A collection of the former, and a selection from the latter class of his writings, with some literary reviews and memoirs, are published by Dr. F. G. Kiessling. The historical essays, the most important portion of the volume, chiefly relate to incidents in German history. They are composed in a popular style, and may always be read with pleasure, but on the whole were scarcely worth reprinting. There is nothing in any way approaching the interest of the author's *Life of Tieck*, by which he will be principally remembered.

Professor Watterich's work on the Rhenish Germans of the period of the Roman Empire† is principally occupied by an inquiry into the topography of the various tribes, and an argument to establish the reappearance of the Sigambri, so nearly exterminated by Tiberius, as constituents of the great Frankish confederation two centuries and a half afterwards. The dryness of these researches is to some extent relieved by the necessary introduction of historical detail, as well as by the amusing patriotism of the author, who writes as though the barbarian invaders of the Empire were impelled less by the spur of hunger, or the appetite for booty, than by a profound consciousness of their world-regenerating mission, and a resolution to fulfil the prophecies.

The original text of B. Hoencke's metrical Livonian chronicle‡ is lost; the work, however, exists in the form given it by Renner, a later historian. This has been edited by Dr. K. Höhlbaum, with a preface amply treating of the nature of the original work, the use made of it by Renner, and the relation of this historian to his successors. The transactions detailed belong to the early part of the fourteenth century, and consist mainly of the battles, massacres, famines, and pestilences which usually strike the imagination of a popular chronicler as chiefly deserving of record.

A society has been established for the annual publication of contributions to the history of the Hanse Towns§. The first volume contains much of great local interest.

The Silesian campaigns of the Hussites|| form a not uninteresting episode in the history of the long contest of the latter with the Emperor Sigismund. They are not, indeed, particularly rich in important incidents, consisting mainly of incursions made into Silesia for the sake of plunder, or in revenge for the original aggression of the Silesians, who had naturally taken the Emperor's side against their heretical neighbours. The circumstances of the country were favourable to the invaders. Silesia—a foundation, as Herr Grünhagen expresses it, of German culture upon the *tabula rasa* left two hundred years before by the Mongol Tartars—had attained a condition of great material prosperity. The people had thus become enervated, the old religious and political ideas had ceased to exert an inspiring influence, and the sentiment of national patriotism was almost quenched by the minute subdivision of the country into a number of petty principalities. Under these circumstances it is intelligible that the Silesians should have fought very badly, and that the Bohemians should have been able to ravage the land year after year with little effectual opposition. In the historian's opinion, however, this succession of disasters, and the estrangement they naturally occasioned between neighbours who had previously lived on good terms, are the main reasons which have prevented Silesia from being altogether Slavonized. The work is composed very much from the national point of view, but exhibits candour as well as research, and the style is pleasing.

The opinion of so artistic a writer as Herr Moritz Petri, the last editor of the works of J. G. Hamann¶, is entitled to great consideration, but we cannot help suspecting that his high estimate of "the Magus of the North" has been mainly determined by theological prepossessions. Hamann's manner is pretentious, his style obscure, and his matter out of date. The most interesting portion of his writings is his correspondence and juvenile autobiography, which depict an abnormal, but not uncommon, type of character—the union of lofty aspirations and mystical religious feeling with shiftiness, pettiness, and general untrustworthiness in the concerns of practical life. The causes of the various irritating and undignified disputes in which he was continually engaged are indeed faintly indicated, but the impression remains that he was not one with whom intercourse was either agreeable or safe.

* *Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte, Politik, und Literatur.* Von Dr. R. Köpke. Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. F. G. Kiessling. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Germanen des Rheins, ihr Kampf mit Rom und der Bundesgedanke.* Von Prof. Dr. Watterich. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die jüngere Liethländische Reimchronik des Bartholomäus Hoencke.* Von Dr. K. Höhlbaum. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Hansische Geschichtsblätter.* Herausgegeben vom Verein für Hansische Geschichte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Hussitenkämpfe der Schlesier, 1420-1435.* Von Colmar Grünhagen. Breslau: Hirt. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *J. G. Hamann's Schriften und Briefe.* Erläutert und herausgegeben von Moritz Petri. Th. I. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Zur Kritik der Englischen Gewerkevereine.* Von Lujo Brentano. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Rechtsverhältnisse bei verschiedenen Völkern der Erde.* Von Prof. Dr. Bastian. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

The late Bishop Sedlnitzky* presents a very different type of the religious character, and one entitled to deep respect, though too mildly feeble in its gentle benignity to be a proper subject for unreserved admiration. Sedlnitzky belonged to the small but interesting class of Evangelical Catholics, the nearest representatives of the Contarini and Sadoleti of the sixteenth century, and of whom Sailer is the best known example. These excellent men have always been distinguished by a simple and fervent piety, and almost total indifference to the sacerdotal and sacramentarian aspects of their communion, a disposition to fraternize with Protestants as far as possible, and a guileless and unworldly spirit, singularly unfitting them to cope with the persecution to which such tendencies have naturally exposed them on the part of acute and worldly-minded ecclesiastical superiors. Sedlnitzky's character for conciliation occasioned his appointment to the diocese of Breslau, in 1835, during the dispute between the Prussian Government and the Court of Rome on the subject of mixed marriages. This inevitably rendered him the object of bitter animosity at Rome, and when, upon the accession of a monarch of Catholic leanings, the Government ceased to protect him, he judged it advisable to resign his see. A man of more ability and resolution might have played an important part, but it is apparent, even from the record of his admiring biographer, that Sedlnitzky was officially a complete nullity. The only other important event in his life was his adherence to Protestantism a quarter of a century afterwards—a step delayed so long and accomplished so quietly as to pass almost unobserved. The work consists partly of the Bishop's autobiography to the time of his consecration, with additions by the anonymous editor, and partly of official documents relating to his appointment and resignation.

The reminiscences of a "South German theologian"† contain little that is eventful, dramatic, or picturesque, but possess the charm that is seldom absent from recollections interesting to the writer himself. The reminiscences of the author's childhood exhibit real freshness, and form an interesting picture of domestic life in a South German family of some position at the beginning of the present century. The union of homely simplicity with advanced culture is extremely pleasing. The writer subsequently studied at two German Universities, which may be recognized without much difficulty as Erlangen and Halle. The peculiarities of the various professors, many of them teachers of much reputation, are portrayed with remarkable vividness, not devoid of a slight infusion of satire, but free from every trace of ill-nature or disrespect. The author himself was intended for a philological career, but, becoming conscious of a lack of vocation, glided insensibly into a theologian—a professor eventually, as he hints. To this want of sympathy for the special studies of the University may perhaps be ascribed a comparatively low estimate of the efficiency of the professorial department. It is not precisely disparaged, but neither is it extolled. On the other hand, the picture of student life as it existed in the writer's time is highly favourable, the more so from the apparent absence of any aim at panegyric. It seems extraordinary that so much should have been expected, still more that so much should have been performed. The self-chosen occupations and recreations of the young men also appear to have been of an elevated, refined, and rational character. One would only like to know how far this excellent characteristic belonged to the author's own circle, and how far to the whole body of students.

The musical genius of Ignaz Moscheles‡ entitles him to a biographical record, which is especially interesting to English readers on account of his long residence in this country, his official connexion with the most important of our musical institutions, and his intimacy with the leading professors and patrons of the art in England. We do not indeed find much of absorbing interest or remarkable value, but the general tendency of the work is to revive agreeable recollections and to present a pleasing picture of a bright, simple, and cheerful existence, disinterestedly devoted to art. Few artistic biographies are so wholly free from every symptom of pettiness and every unpleasant episode. The most remarkable portions are those relating to three memorable passages in the history of music in England—the visit and death of Weber, the interposition of the Philharmonic Society on behalf of Beethoven, and the first visit of Mendelssohn. Heine, Schumann, and other celebrities are also noticed, and though there is a dearth of anything like piquancy of anecdote, the details are never trivial or uninteresting. The first chapter is autobiographical, the remainder is compiled by the musician's widow from her husband's letters and journals. Another volume will complete the work, which comes down at present to the year 1835.

W. A. Joukoffsky§ was one of the Russian poets who, in the opinion of his biographer, exercised most influence on the literature of his country. It would be dangerous to controvert this judgment, which, however, hardly seems justified by the account and analysis of the original productions he has left. Only two of these—a lyrical poem on the campaign of 1812, and a ballad-epic founded on the legend of a magician who sells his daughters to

the demon to obtain a prolongation of his own compact—appear to be works of any remarkable power or compass. On the other hand, Joukoffsky was extremely active as a translator; his most important performance in this department was a complete version of the *Odyssey*. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in his history was his birth, he being the illegitimate son of a Turkish female captive. It would be interesting to trace the influence of this Turanian stain upon his character, which would appear to have been marked by a simplicity and sensitiveness reminding us forcibly of Blanco White. As with Blanco White also, his religious experiences make a large chapter in his history. For many years of his life he was under the influence of the more celebrated Russian author Gogol, who appears to have been a moody and restless fanatic; previously to his death, however, he returned into the bosom of orthodoxy. His life was in the main prosperous; he was caressed by the Court, partly entrusted with the education of the present Czar, and obtained, as is expressly stated, enough medals and decorations to require six cushions for their due exhibition at his funeral.

The story of Andrea del Castagno, the painter, who is said to have murdered his friend that he might be the sole possessor of the secret of oil-painting, has supplied Herr Arnold Beer* with the subject of a not ineffectual tragedy. The motive of the crime, being in itself too selfish and mean for the purposes of tragic representation, is ingeniously complicated with a love intrigue, and the violent, imperious, ambitious character of Andrea is ably contrasted with the frank and innocent openness of his rival. The other personages are insignificant, and the language, though refined and elegant, smells too much of the lamp for the footlights.

* *Andrea del Castagno. Tragödie.* Von Arnold Beer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Selbstbiographie des Grafen Leopold Sedlnitzky von Choltitz, Fürstbischofs von Breslau.* Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Bruchstücke aus dem Leben eines süddeutschen Theologen.* 2 Abthe. Bielefeld: Belhaven & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Aus Moscheles' Leben.* Nach Briefen und Tagebüchern herausgegeben von seiner Frau. Bd 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *W. A. Joukoffsky. Ein Russisches Dichterleben.* Von Dr. C. von Seidlitz. Mitau: Behre. London: Williams & Norgate.